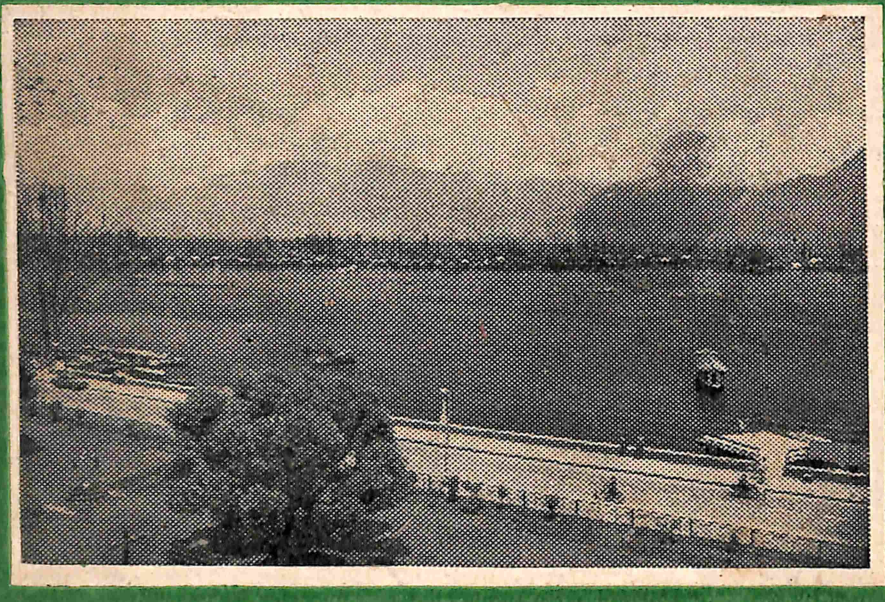
SHAIVIC THOUGHT

AND

Non-Meditational Meditation



By
'BHAI-JI' — B. N. KAUL NAZIR
AND
R. N. RAINA

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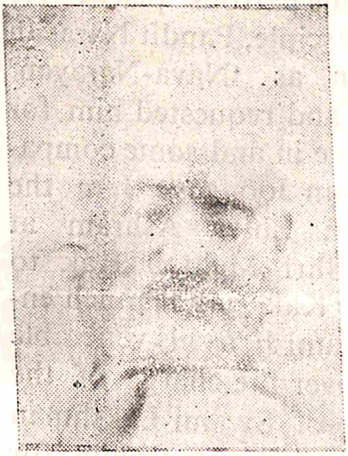
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CONTENTS

"SWAMI RAM JI MAHARAJ (1855 AD – 1915 AD)



Swami Ram Ji Maharaj was of gentle birth born in a Kashmiri Brahmin family of Qaziyar in Srinagar. His father died when he was young and his uncle : Pandit Ishwar Sahib took up his guardianship. Pandit Ishwar Sahib was himself a Yogi of high order and under the care of this Saint—cum—Scholar, Swami Ram Ji, the would—be yogi was brought up. He received his initial education at home in Sanskrit. 'Shastras'. Later on he was tutored by Pandit Mansa Ram Monga, a Shaivic Scholar of great repute.

Swami Ji was a householder. He lost his family during his life time and his ancestral house was also gutted in fire. After this calamity he started living with Shri Narayan Dass at Fateh Kadal, Srinagar; his chief patron.

Swami Ji had also Tantric Brahminical up-bringing and as such his youth was spent in picking up ritualistic techniques of priest-hood. His style of life and living, however, differed from other members of his tribe. He was more a spritualist than a professional. He earned regards from all his 'Yajmanas' or patrons.

In the spiritual field he was already fully charged and needed just a spark to burst out. It happened when one day, while crossing 5th bridge over river Jehlum, called Nawakadal, in Srinagar he threw into the river the entire paraphernalia he used to carry for

performing rites and rituals at his patrons' places. He went straight to his patron disciple, Pandit Narayan Joo's house popularly known as 'Nava-Narayan' (house-boat maker and owner) and requested him for a separate accommodation to live in and some companion to help him. Pandit Narayan Joo gave him the house—the present Shri Ram Shiva Ashram at Fateh Kadal, Srinagar with Shri Mehtab Kak to attend on him. Shri Mehtab Kak got as much enlightened in the company of Swami Ji, as his venerable Master. Subsequently he took over the charge of the Ashram together with tutorship of Swami Lakshman Joo of Nishat fame who was handed over to him for guidance by his Master.

Swami Ji lived as a 'Jiwan Mukta' a liberated soul in living physical body which he discarded on 'Shiva Chaturdashi'—a very auspicious day of Kashmiri Pandits.

The other two attendants whom Swami Ji nurtured in this sphere were Pandit Vidya Dhar and Pandit Gobind Kaul Jalali. Both of them became popular later as Swami Vidhya Dhar, who established his own separate Ashram at Karan Nagar, Srinagar and Swami Gobind Kaul Jalali, who took over charge of the Shri Ram Shiva Ashram on passing away of Swami Mehtab Kak.

Among the innumerable miracles of Swami Ji, suffice it to say, that whatever he uttered, wittingly or unwittingingly, would happen. It could never be otherwise !

SWAMI GOBIND KAUL SAHIB JALALI
(1888 AD—1956 AD)



Swami Ji was born in a spiritually intoxicated lower middle class family whose values he retained throughout his life. His place of birth was at Ali Kadal in Srinagar. He was the youngest of the three brothers and he alongwith his elder brother. S/Shri Aftab Kaul and Ganesh Kaul became devotees of Swami Ram Ji Maharaj almost simultaneously. All the three received initial instructions in Shaivism and its related philosophy from the celebrated Teacher. After the 'Nirvan' of Swami Ram Ji Maharaj, Swami Mehtab Kak took over the charge of the Ashram and after him Swami Gobind Kaul Ji Jalali took over as its Head.

He was a householder living in a large joint family, because living exclusive life had no meaning for him. Untouched by luxury and aloof from greed and jealousy, he never advocated anything excepting humility and modesty. His love was open to all—friends, foes, relatives, people : religious or non religious Most of the people flocked to his house for advice or help, which he always gave generously and unhesitatingly without any conditions or strings attached. Nobody could leave his house without having something to eat or drink. Tea with snacks flowed as if from a canteen.

During his childhood days he displayed no unusual traits, but brightened up suddenly and surprisingly at the feet of his Master. He had no basketful of remedies to offer and never advocated singing of

sacharine sweet songs or loud ostentations. He would just advise people to mercilessly chop off their ego, gamble, frolic and live; simply to carry out Almighty Creator's plans by breaking away all tethers, tugs and knots. He wanted everyone to fill himself with simple Naturalness. According to him, man needs a gardner and not a teacher, He requires tending and no teaching; he needs growth not pushes, no stretching, no plumbing—internal and external.

During his later days of life from mid January, 1956 he gave up going to Ashram due to physical weakness. To a few of his chosen devotees he had mentioned about leaving his mortal frame sometime in June that year which come out to be true.

Dercribing his 'Nirvana' scene, Bhai ji, Shri B, N. Kaul Nazir mentions : ',When Swami Ji left his mortal frame, myself and Mahatma Kashi Nath alone besides family members, were present. I percieved a glow of inexpressible luminosity, of first phalange of thumb size, moving from his embelical knot of the belly towards the back of his head. When it left the head, there was an audible and distinct thud. I thought his skull had probably cracked. But on feeling it with hand I found it intact. Surprisingly the head was warmer, almost three times the temperature of the rest of his body. This was my first experience of this sort. Since then I have had many to notice it under varied circumstances at different places."

PREFACE

The poets of yore sang songs of devotion in the 'Serene Vale' that Kashmir was. Saints of high order taught lessons of spirit in the 'Rishiwari'—the land of sages, that Kashmir was. Men displayed extra-ordinary prowess in constructing temples and mosques on hill-tops in the 'Place of Potential', that Kashmir was. Women exhibited glamour and grandeur in the 'Land of Beauty' that Kashmir was. People presented unity in diversity in the 'Valley of Culture' that Kashmir was. The hosts exemplified in hospitality in the 'Tourist Resort' that Kashmir was. Artisans showed their excellence in art in the 'Exhibition of Crafts' that Kashmir was. Teachers lead students to avenues of research in the 'Dale of knowledge' that Kashmir was.

Luminous sons of Kashmir shone like suns in brilliance and grace. Great daughters of Land rose to spiritual heights where people bowed before them in reverence and worship. Lal-Ded and Nund Resh distributed love and knowledge in abundance beyond physical compass. Mahmood Gami and Rasul Mir brought all beings to a common thought. Habba Khatoon and Arnimal sang in ecstasy to the devotion of people of all hues and hymns. Baba Rishi and Shakurdin rose out of the caves to hill-tops to deliver the universal message of Truth, reality and brotherhood. Abdul Ahad Azad.. and Zinda Kaul taught the ways of love and compassion dispelling discrimination. Kralwari and Parmanad swayed people to a singular culture. Kash Kak and Nand bab shook the

valley with amazing miracles. They blessed peoples of all faiths, without discrimination. Many more enunciated hospitality as culture and love as religion, contentment and renunciation as ways of cohision and collective happiness. In such an atmosphere and amidst comparable surroundings none knew anything about materialism and vulgarity. Simple people were unaware of hypocricy and deceit. Robberies and thefts were unheared of. Violence and hate were foreign terms.

There were places of worship resounding with devotional singing in 'Shabs'—the nocturnal mass prayers in mosques and 'Prabhat Artis'—the morning prayers in temples. The sacred shrines at 'Chakrishwar' and 'Maqdoom Sahib' presented common religious gatherings at Hari Parbat Hill. 'Peer Dastgir' at Khanyar was an inspiration for Hindus and Muslims equally. 'Khanki Moula'—the God's House' and 'Kali Temple' near third bridge on River Jhelum invited all communities to a common place for pooja and nimaz. Mardan Khan sang the famous poem in praise of the Hindu diety 'Shiva' in persian language. And in contemporary times Tibatbakal sang Hindu 'Leela' and Rita Kaul paid her tribute to the memory of 'Hazrat'. Rehmatullah mixed his melody with Krishna Razdan's devotion and Kailash Mehra and Hassan Sofi sang in tunes raisihg the spirit to heights unparalleled.

In such a salubrious, serene and soothing environment development of a peculiar intellect in consonance with it is but a natural consequence. Kashmir Shaivism, though a part of Indian culture as a who le,has an identity of its own. There is something

distinctive about it which gives it a special tongue and taste. It does not advocate inhospitable monomania with indifference to earthly concerns. Instead it propogates brisk activity, making a fuller use of this life towards amalgamation of thoughts,cohision of faiths and universality of spirit. It elevates one to heights where discriminations and dissimilarities disappear and macrocosm and microcasm merge into one.

This book-let brought out by Shri B. N. Kaul, 'Nazir', endearingly known as 'Bhai Ji' by his admirers, gives us a glimpse into this philosophy. In particular the extract titled 'Sangrahsatotravali' taken out from Sage Utpal Dev's 'Shivastotravali' is the nectar drink to intoxicate one to transcendental heights.

With prayers at the feet of the master,

Yours in love,
R. N. Raina

INTRODUCTION

Dear Wayfarer,

I feel great pleasure in bringing out this book-let to commemorate Sage Utpalacharya and his hymn 'Sangrastotra' sung by him in devotion to the Lord of the Universe. This hymn is actually an extract from his great work 'Shivsatotravali' which is a complete philosophy on Kashmir Shaivism. As an introduction to the booklet I feel it necessary to share my experiences in this field and to apprise you about what I have learnt at the feet of my Master Swami Gobind Koul Sahib. Let me begin with an Urdu couplet whieh comes to my mind right now :

> "Kalandhari hai—ya fakiri hai !
> Yeh donu samjo bhaiya dhokhay hain !!
> Hanh ! dekhna itna zaroor to hai !
> Konsa in do main ziada rangeen hai !!

'Be it the roaring and the roaming mystic or the serene one—brooding one in introspection.
Both these, take my comrade, as hoaxing mirages.
Yet it has essentially to be seen;
Which of the two is more attractive and colourful.

I am neither an athiest nor a sensationalist but I am outspoken. I say what I feel, come what may! you have not to serve one particular God to offened the other. You have to be what you are beyond virtue and vice.

Religion these days is dominated by giants. Here is a Bhagwan, there a Maharishi and everywhere a

Mahatma. Home-spun philosophies and mouth-watering cookings of their own, so to say, spiritually intoxicated empty-heads are very appealing. In support of what they profess their intonation of slokas from the whole gamut of scriptures is really very mesmeric in effect and marginal in import. Some of them have built up their own religious empires and kingdoms. They and their disciples make a very interesting and fascinating 'Donquitzota and Sanchopanza team'.

Wuschim Naazir wufaan sarey !
Achhaw ros kainh Pakhav ros kainh !
Phokaw seat tim annan chhaawai !
Mei zyun dod koot sana waintome !

(Nazir saw everyone taking to flight,
Some without eyes and some without wings,
They claim to cook rice with the heat of
their breath,
I could not do it even with fuel.
Where has the heat of my lighted fuel gone,
May I be told !)

with cataract vision still and groping in the dark, I dare not venture into this exercise of advice giving, which, of course, comes naturally and easily to everybody. Instead I have small type gossip with you and leave it to you to figure out yourself the issues involved and their answers.

Science and Yoga are not divergent but very closely associated. Both have much more in common than at varience. They do not run parallel with no meeting point. Both need to be yoked together. Truth spans both—macrocosm and microcosm. Mystics in

contrast to the scientists, arrive at the truth by their intuitive methods of inquiry. They journey into their own Being to know the truth about what keeps them growing and glowing in the ever expanding cosmos. When I refer to a mystic I do not allude to a so-to-say "Godman" or to a Head of any caste, cult, creed or ism but about a yogi who has seen the 13 dimensional figure of the cosmos. Kashmir Shaivism believes in 13 dimensional contours of the cosmos. Kashmiri Pandits' Shivaratri which is celebrated for 13 days symbolises this process.

The universe around us has not just 3 spectral dimensions of length, breadth and height. Scientists so far have observed NINE (9). This raises an obvious objection of why we see only THREE (3). Other dimensions are there but during the Big Bang process they have got showelled up to become virtually unobservant. Superstring theorists have attempted to make Einstein's General Relativity more geometrical to answer phenomenae which it otherwise could not. It is very unlikely that science will agree with Kashmirian Yogis about THIRTEEN (13).

The, so to say, cosmic Egg—call it what you will Ram, Rahim or everything else, is supposed to have burst out fretting and fuming of its own inner compulsion or volition 'Icha' out into the cosmos about 15 billion years ago (Big Bang). The erupted material gradually condensed to form galaxies, stars and planets, taking up all space everywhere. At the present moment the number of galaxies. of the type our own milkyway, is not exactly known. Some billions of them is a meagre estimate. Some of them are millions or trillion Kms. away from us and across each other.

The galaxy is a band of millions of stars. It is estimated that cosmic distance stretches from us such that light would need about 6 billion years to travel at the speed of 1,86,000 miles per second and that much distance in the opposite direction too. we can say that the known cosmos is 12 billion light years wide. We have so much journeying to do yet, so much to know so much to see, so much to discover and still there may be much more to find. here Dr, Iqbal agrees :

"Sitaroon say aagay jahan aur bhi hain,
Abhi Ishq ke imtihan aur bhi hain"

The Universe extends beyond stars;
There are still many stages to cover
to reach the divine.

Our solar system is very very tiny in relation to the whole universe. The solar nebula was also a vast cloud of gas, which, on cooling, collapsed to form our sun and its satellites including the earth that we inhabit. This happened about 4.5 million years ago.

A million years after the formation of our earth a variety of living species evolved on our plane under a variety of changing environments. Each species having taken a separte evolutionary path and its stream of life served into separate channels. Progression took place from the smallest visible organism to the most nearly complete and complex organism like man. He is apparently singular as well as peculiar amidst the vast variety of life on the planet. In this network of evolution with other animals, man emerged as separate entity about 4 million years before. We became 'stone tool makers' about a million years later. We gradually progressed from the smallest visible

organism to the most complex, nearly perfect, brightly intelligent and very thorough paced entity with highest degree of consciousness. This in short is the story of our glorious victory in our fierce battle for survival with other animals. We alone have a free will—of our own—to hasten our further evolution to higher dimensions of consciousness instead of remaining hauntingly rooted to earthly one, as other animals remain. We, however, cannot ignore the existance of some built-in-drive,—the directional fore—the Hidden Main Spring that operates all movements in Nature of which we are an integral part. All Nature, seen or unseen, is one cosmic whole and there is correspondance and resonance in all the diverse fragments adding upto something that is everything. The interconnection between the macrocosm and microcosm is perhaps the most fascinating and exciting aspect as when you know a part you know the whole. Everyone is fully aware of the fact thal life begets life without any dimension in its element of life. We are ourselves that Source where we have come from. What we see, here or feel is that Truth. It is frolicking here,there, somewhere and everywhere—all pervading and all embracing. In short creator is the creation !

We are, however, surrounded by space very vast, wide and wild, the idea of which you can have by the fact that recently a galaxy (Giant) was witnessed perhaps one billion times of the size of our sun igniting within a huge cloud about 144 billion trillion kms. away from us. This perhaps is the only farthest object that has been witnessed on earth so far. It is estimated to be about 20 billion

light years away from us. Light travels at the speed of about 2,99,275 kms. per second in a year,

"Supernova" – a star in our neighbouring galaxy blasted out into space debris to create 1 million planets of the size of our earth and shone as intensely as 250 millions of our sun put together. Light of this blast reached us just in February, 1987, after travelling 170,000 light years across space.

It is also not unlikely that in the near future we may get clues of some extraterrestrial intelligence or civilisation like ours or even better than ours. Many mysteries that baffle us now may get untangled then, To make a long story short, I would say that we, somehow, manage to become what we are while our brothern are still jumping around trees in jungles.

In this space unspaced and time untimed, shallowness or hollowness has no meaning. we have to tear ourselves apart and raise our anchors from all our old moorings, tenaments, rituals, rites, religious ceremonies as peculiar in content as they are varied, and which keeps us most hauntingly rooted and pegged to the earthly consciousness. Instead we have just to open up ourselves in this openness and dive deep into the revealing depths of the womb of Nature to get filled up with newness, newer fascinations newer fragrances newer attitudes and directions. Thus alone we will be able to see clearly and distinctly in the darkness of the unchartered path into higher altitudes and dimensions of consciousness and that alone will lead us to becoming our own resort the consciousness—Incarnate. No stretching, no squeezing, no erasing or ironing is required; nor toils, sweats,

sleepless nights or meal-less days.

The most important aspect of life is what makes it to live and to come to terms with that, does not demand higher humanistic values nor what is salutary or pernicious. They are just own morbid fantacies to gain our citizenship of the so called Heaven with gorgeous damsels and drinks and other luxries galore. Life is huge treasure trove and we should try to thrive on its fullness to add life to years and not years to life.

Truth is not something far away from you or your life. You are truth, what you feel and see is all truth. It is here, there and everywhere all pervaiding —all embracing, you have to seek nothing to know. What seeks in you is to be sought after. What thinks in you is to be thought over. What is there to be meditated upon? Can a subject be made an object of our perception? Think it over and take your own decision.

May I end this gossip with you with an Urdu couplet whose author presently I cannot recollect :

"Mehroomay haquiqat hain sahil kay tamashaie,
Ham doob kay samjay hain daryaoon ki gehrai !
(Devoid of truth are the onlookers at the shore,
We learnt about the depth, after diving deep into the depths of rivers.)

And some more from Dr. Iqbal :

"Mita de apni hasti ko,
Aghar kuchh marataba chahiye,
Ki dana khak main mil kar,
Gul-o-gulzar hota hai."

Shed aside thy ego, O man,
If thee seeketh elevation,
For when a seed mingleth with soil,
Only then sprouteth into a blooming flower.

"Khudi ko kar buland itna,
Ki har taqdeer say pehley,
Khuda Banday say Khud Puchhay,
Bata teri raza kya hai."

Exalt thy being, O man,
To heights so high,
That obliged feels the God,
To seek thy choice :
The choice of thy destiny !

Yours in love,

(B.N. Kaul Nazir)

UTPALACHARYA—THE MYSTIC :

Utpalacharya was a mystic, a logican and a poet —all in one. He belonged to the Pratiyabhijna School of Shaivism and in the history of the thought he occupies a higher position than that of his preceptor—Somananda. Ishwar Pratiyabhijna Karika and Shaivastotravalli are his unique and outstanding contributions to Shaivic thought and literature. Both these works stamp him out as an exalted creative genius. Hc is the only important writer of his time on Sanskrit meterics and logic. His Ishwar Pratiyabhijna Karika—a digest on hair-splitting and appealing logic on this complex subject is very simple, fine and understandable. Contents of slokas and the style of their rendering are inimmitable. It is so concise and recondite that without years of devoted study under an expert Shaivic teacher it is scarcely to be understood. His Shaivastotravalli a book of twenty short hymns to Shiva, however, is very popular. It ranks among tho best pieces of literature belonging to the class of Stotras and Stavas (Lyrics and Sonnets) introduced in Sanskrit literature by Sarvajnanmitra of Kashmir. Popular local tradition tells us that he sang out these rapturous lyrical notes when he would lapse into circumlocation addressing Him in agony and ecstasy, calling :

> 'You yourself gave me for reason I do not know. Why did you charge me in the depth of my Being and why did you back out. How should we square up, pray tell me.
> May I know?

His disciples recorded, compiled and consolidated

them, so we are told :

A brilliant piece of writing insightful, concise, passionate. They vividly capture the pangs he suffered. Melody the words he uses conveys his feelings of Shakti in his Bhakti—first person devotion—diety relationship.

The translation given here is one of these Sutras captioned "Sangrahastotra" which is thought to be the essence of these profound and sweet pieces. The soothing and melodious sounds in the original which move one to ecstasy are almost inimitable. These pieces have to be read aloud to be really experienced. When I sometimes myself do so, I at once turn "Dewy Eyed" and wake up from so-to-say, a dream to a new morning with fresher blossoms and blooms. Tortured by inadequacy of my vocabulary I feel on myself the quiet of unretrievable conscience. These lyrics, therefore, have lost much of their charm in the translation, more so when the rendering is based on summarised content of the original offered by Kashmraja.

SANGRAHSATOTRA

by

Utpal Acharya

संग्रहेण सुखदु:खलक्षणम्
मां प्रति स्थिमिदं श्रणु प्रभो ।
सौख्यमेव भवता समागम :
स्वामिना विरहेव दु:खिता ॥१॥

प्रमो O ! Lord श्रणु Listen
संग्रहेण In brief
मां प्रति My emotions of pleasure and pain
स्थिम .. Seated within इम that is
भक्त: .. With you एव: Your presence in me
समागम .. Union with thee सौख्यम .. Peace
स्वामिना .. My lord
विरह एव .. Separation and retreat from this
दुखित .. is pain for me.

O Lord, please listen; I State brief!y the emotions of pleasure and pain seated within me. Your presence in me and union with thee is bliss and the retreat from this state is painful.

उत्पल स्वगत ओस वनान स्वातम दीवस
सोख ति् दोख रटित सुक्याह ओस प्यठ पानस
वनान ओसुस यि छोट पाठि वनित्य चि बोज़तम
कमि रंगि रूपि यिम म्य बुथि यिवान छिम
चानि रूपि ठहरावय च्य निश म्य सोख छुम
दूर्यर यि यथ विमर्श अदि म्य दुख छुम
उत्पल स्वगत ओस वनान स्वातम दोवस
सोख ति् दोख रटित सुक्याह ओस य्यठ पानस ॥

At peace, I remain ever,
With the Being in me,
Content, with all mirth and glee
And then all else
Othewise is anguish immense for me.
So says uptal in divine ecstasy,
May it help all waylaid,
Me and others like of me !

अन्तरप्यतितरामणीयसी
या त्वदप्रथनकालि कास्ति में ।
तामपीश परिमृज्य सर्वत :
स्वं स्वरूपममलं प्रकाशय ।।३।।

ईश .. O ; Lord त्वत् .. Your real form
अप्रथन .. Which is still invisible कालिका .. With darkness
थोड में .. To me अतितराम In full glorious measure.
अणीयसी .. Though अंतर .. My inner vision
अस्तिु .. Is तामपि .. Almost clear now
सर्वतः .. Completely परिमृज्य..This cobweb be removed
स्वं ... And show me your-self. अमल pure
स्वरूपम .. Attractive form. प्रकाश्य Grant this grace

Oh Lord ! because of my own impurities of thoughts and darkness within, your real form remains hidden to me. Broom away, Oh Lord ! all the cobwebs of my soul and manifest thy grace in me to make me infinite like you.

परान आधि बासि रूपि बुनि युस म्य सक्षिम मल
वुछनय दिवान म्य युसनि नोन चि निर्मल
सुइ मल म्य गालि तन युथ वुछहत यि साफ त नोन
च्यथ प्रकाश रूपि चिई चोपारी शोलवुन
उत्पल स्वगत ओस वनान न० . . . . . .

Very little is left now,
Of the physical in me,
As such I feel short of thee.
Limitations, therefore, surround me,
May these dissolve to reveal thee
Within me and without me.
So says Utpal in divine ecstasy,
May it help all waylaid,
Me and others like of me !

तावके वपुषि विश्वनिर्भरे
चित्सुधारसमये निरत्यये ।
तिष्ठतः सततमर्चतः प्रभुम्
जीवितं मृतमथान्यदस्तु मे ॥२॥

विश्व निर्भरे .. The entire universe
चित्सुधारसमये .. Nectar of peace
निरत्यये ... That knows no end तावके .... In radiant form.
वपुषि .. Form तिष्ठतः .. Is seated in me
सततम .. Always प्रभुम् My lord.
अर्चतः .. While I am worshipping. मे .. mine
जीवितं .. Whether living अथवा Or मृतम..Dead
अथ Or अन्यत् .. In any other state.

You are the universe and the entire universe is within you. How I wish to merge my soul in thy radiant form to taste the nectar of thy grace. In my devotion to you I am, oh Lord oblivious of my mortal self.

च्यथ रूपि आत्मदीवि युस स्वरूप यि चोन छुई
विश्व रूप सूई आसित ति नाशि रुस सुई छुई
आसिथ ब्व च्य मंज चेई सति म्य रूजितन
एक भावि सुरूपक कुनि विज़ि न च्यन
पूज़ायि यछि़ चानि रूज़ितन यि हुई म्य तेह
आदि आसि कुनि जिन्द मुरदि या तमि योर तिकेहं
उत्पल स्वगत ओस वनान......

Thou art the cause, stay and end,
Of all that appears before me.
Conciousness Pure, devoid of time,
I ever, remain absorbed in thee.
Yet I crave to be thee alone,
That abideth deep within me.
Then life, death and any thing else,
Is naught and meaningless to me.
So says Utpal in divine ecstasy,
May it help all waylaid
Me and others like of me !

ईश्बरोऽहमेव रुपवान
पण्डितोऽस्मि सुभगोऽस्मि कोऽपर: ।
मत्समोऽस्ति जगतीति शोभते
मानिता त्वदनुरागिण: परम् ॥४॥

अहम् ईश्वर I am the grace of the graceful.
रूपवान .. I am the beauty of the beautiful.
पण्डितोऽस्मि I am the omniscient
सुभगोऽस्मि I am the beloved of all
जगति . In the world सत्सम: .. Comparable to me.
अपर: क: .. Another अस्ति .. Who is there
इति .. This realisation. त्वत Behoves.
अनुरागिण: only you. परम On!y.
शोभिते .. Who are blessed with your grace

I am the grace of the graceful, I am the beauty of the beautiful, I am the beloved of all. There is none comparable to me in this world. This realisation in me is through your blessed grace. It behoves only you.

पंडित ब्व कुन छूस काँछिवुन त सुन्दर
शूभिदार ब्व शूभि कुनि छुस जगतस अंदर
मेयि रोस दोयुम कुस युस वनि ब्व ईश्वर,
व्यथ विकासि रूपि भयि सुई पानि शक्तिशिवर
चोनुई भखित युस आसि यछि पारज़ान
अभिमान करून यि तस वोपज्यथ छु शूभान,
उत्पल स्वगत ओस वनान॰ ......

I am Almighty, Eternal Evergreen,
Consciousness Incarnate, Radiant Beauty,
The Universe and its embellishment total,
And in time, form and space no equal.
Such pride is mine and it becomes only those.
Thine blest who are, with Thee in equipoise,
So say Utpal in divine ecstasy,
May it help all waylaid,
Me and others like of me !

देव देव भवदद्वयामृता
ख्याति संहरणलब्ध जन्मना ।।
तद्यथास्थित पदार्थ संविदा
मां कुरुष्वचरणर्चिनीचितम् ।।५।।

देव देव O ! Lord of lords भवत् Your
उद्वयामृत Bliss of union अख्याति invisible
संहरण To remove लब्धजन्मना Getting absorbed within
तद्याथास्थित Absolute consciousness
पदर्थ of the matter संविदा with knowledge
मां Mine चरणार्चिन Worshipping your feet
उचितम Make me capable of

Oh Lord ! may I realize in me that I behold no duality. Oh ! Lord may I become worthy of thy worship to become beautifulest of beautiful and gracefulest of graceful.

ही देवन ति हिन्दि देवि भेदि व्रथ स्य गालिना
युथ अद्वैत अमृत ख्यथि चवुवुन ब्व रोज़हा
पनुनई प्रकाश ब्ब नोन प्रथ तरफि वुछना
युथ ज्ञानि रूपि क्रीडा प्रथ साति करिहा ।।
उत्पल स्वगत ओस वनान ....

O ! Lord of the Lords,
Remove the veil that hides from me.
The life - bestowing oneness with-thee.
Function consciously always, I may
As expression of thee,
In and around in me !
So says Utpal in divine ecstasy,
May it help all waylaid,
Me and others like of me !

ध्यायते तदनु दृश्यते ततः
स्पृश्यते च परमेश्वरः स्वयम् ।
यत्र पूजनमहोत्सवः स मे
सर्वदास्तु भवतोऽनुभावतः ॥६॥

यत्र . Where परमेश्वरा O' Lord
ध्यायते .. In meditation दृश्यते Disclose
स्पृश्यते .. To merge महोत्सवा .. Great festival
में .. Me अस्तु be पूजन In prayer
स्वयं .. Spontaneous तदनु Without that
ततः च .. and with that सः that very
पूजन .. of the prayer भवता yours सर्वदा .. Always

Oh Lord ! may I conjure up thy vision in my meditation effortlessly and merge myself with thee. Bless me, oh Lord ! With your worship and endless devotion. Grant me this ecstasy, my Lord !

कुनि वोपायि रोस्तुई च्यथ पनुन व्व चेनिना
चीनिथ व्व तीमय प्रथ दम्ह रोज़ना
पूजायि चानि हुन्द महिमा यि जि युथ ह्यॖह
मेलिवुन म्य रूजतन स्वत; स्यद्ध स्वलम सू ॥
उत्पल स्वगत ओस वनान ..

When I attune myself to the Inner in me,
Would that : Thy effulgence take hold of me.
And feel myself what lives through me.
This is Thy worship real,
And in this blessed state,
I always remain, without break, with-Thou in me !
So says Utpal in divine ecstasy,
May it help all waylaid,
Me and others like of me !

यद्यथास्थितपदार्थदर्शनं
युष्मदर्चन महोत्सवश्च य:
युग्ममेतदितरेतराश्रयं
भक्तिशालिषु सदा विजृम्भते ॥७॥

यत् .. That   यथति् .. Of all things
यथास्थित् .. In original form   दर्शनम ... Knowledge
य: च .. and that   युष्मदर्चन   of your prayer
महोत्सव: .. Great festival   एतत: युग्म .. Both these
इतरतेराश्रयम .. Interdependant
भक्तित शलिषु .. Among top devotees
सदा विजृम्भते .. Always manifest

Oh Lord ! you are the absolute consciousness manifest in every visible & invisible object. Your true worshippers absorb themselves in the union of this bliss.

पनिनि रूपि ज़गतस वुछनुई त जानुन
या भक्ति रूपि चोन स्वरूप लोल् सान यि ललिवुन
आश्रित यिम अख अकिस दोशवन छु सार कुनि
भक्ति छ पाज़ यिम जीनुई यि सर छु कुन ॥
उत्पल स्वगत ओस वनान ०

The awakening in me of my being the All-
The cause and effect and beyond that all,
Thy worship which is surrender unto Thee,
Complete, without reserve, of the vital in me.
These two though different approaches to Thee,
Are yet dependent one on the other,
So says Utpal in divine ecstasy,
May it help all way laid,
Me and others like of me !

तत्तदिन्द्रिय मुखेन सन्ततं
युष्मददर्चन रसायनासवम
सर्वभावचषकेषु पुरिते—
ष्वापिबन्नपि भवेयमुन्दः ।८।।

परितेषु .. Full of सर्वभाव In all forms
चषकेषु .. Goblets तत तत् In all these
इन्द्रिय मुखेन .. Through the senses सततम .. Eternally
युषमद् .. Yours अर्चन Prayer
रसायन .. Blissful nectar आसवम Wine of
आपिवन .. Drinking to the full
उन्मदः .. Madly in love with भवेयम May I be

Oh Lord pray grant me the grace, that I always, through all senses, drink cup fulls of blissful nectar and get intoxicated in mad love for you.

चानि स्वरूपि्च मस्ती योसि प्रथ मंज़
भारि भारि यि व्यधि रूपि जन खास्यन मंज़
च्यवुन ब्व सुई प्रथ जायि शायि रोजिहा
प्रथ द्वारि किन अदि कुनि छिवुह हा ।।
उत्पल स्वगत ओस वनान०

Would that I could drink to rapturous joy,
Through the mouths of my all senses
And perceptions all ;
The wine of thy Grace, O Lord !
In brimful cups of all that's seen and thought
Intoxicated thus I would welcome befalling this me-
Divine madness in that ecstasy.
So says Uptal in divine ecstasy,
May it help all waylaid,
Me and others like of me !

अन्यवेद्यमणु मात्रमस्ति न
स्वप्रकाशमखिलं विजृम्भते
यत्र नाथ भवत: पुरेस्थितिम्
तत्र मे कुरु सदा तवार्चितु: ।।९।।

हे नाथ .. O ! Lord पुरे In the realm of consciousness
अन्य Nothing else वेद्यम Cannot understand
अणुमात्रमऽपि Cannot have even an incling
नास्ति Is not यत्र In the form
अखिलम This cosmos स्वप्रकाश Self luminous
विजृम्भने Shining तत्र There
पुरेस्थितिम In the realm of bliss भवत: Yours
तर्वाचितु Your worshipper मे Me
सदा Always कुरु Loudly grant

Oh ! Lord this cosmos is the expression of thy consciousness. In this realm of absolute consciousness Oh Lord ! grant me the bliss of worshipping thy luminous form.

अख रछ ति ब्योन छुनि व्यध व्यधक क्यँह
स्व प्रवास छुई सोरूई तमि रोस न क्यँह
स्वात्मक व्यमर्श करिविनिस म्य ही ईश
तथ मंज द्रयर दिम वेयि समावेश ।।
उत्पल स्वगत ओस वनान०...... _

Experience what is, isn't in the least,
Separate from me, the Subject, meeting all these.
Objects are reflections, they come into being
Because of my consciousness that gives me the feel,
Would that I could myself be consciousness that,
I am on the path, pray ! lend me into that.
So says Utpal in divine ecstasy,
May it help all waylaid,
Me and others like of me !

दासधाम्नि विनियोजितोऽप्यहं
स्वेच्छयैव परमेश्वर तया
दर्शनेन न किमस्मि पात्रितः
पादसंवहन कर्मणपि वा ॥१०॥

दासधम्नि .. In all humility विनियोजिता Inspired
अपि Also दर्शने With your grace
किम् What पात्रितः Worthy devotee
न .. Not अस्मि am वा .. or
पाद At your holy feet संवहन .. For devotion
कर्मणपि .. Why donot you grant that grace

Oh Lord ! you have inspired me in all my humility with your divine light then oh Lord ! why donot you make of me a worthy devotee blessed with the grace.

स्यानि यछायि न क्यँह स्वतः स्यद्धचि पानय
दासि भावची प्रेरणा दिछथम चे म्य
क्याज़ि वोन्य ब्य युगि छुस न साक्षातकारस
शिव शक्ति रूपि च्यन पानि प्रावनस ॥
उत्पल स्वगत ओस बनान.......

Thou hast thyself, not on my asking,
Endowed me with consciousness of my Being
What fault is mine now that thou holdeth from me-
The changeless peace of being in tight embrace with Thee;
So says Utpal in divine ecstasy,
May it help all waylaid,
Me and others like of me !

शक्तिपात समये विचारणं
प्राप्तमीश न करोषि कर्हिचित् ।
अद्य मां प्रति किमागतं यत:
स्वप्रकाशनविद्यौ विलम्बसे ॥११॥

ईश .. O ! The absolute
शक्तिपात समये .. At the time of grace
विचारणम .. For introspection प्राप्त Should
कर्हिचित् .. Whenever न Not करोषि Do it
अद्य .. This and every moment
मां प्रति .. always towards me किम् Why
आगतम् .. Is granted यत: Delay
स्वप्रकाशन .. Your effulgence विद्यौ glimpse
विलम्बसे .. So late

O ! Absolute one, when at the time of thy gracing me, you granted me introspection and showed compassion always, why do you delay now to disclose your effulgent form to me.

सूचुँत न तेलि येलि सोंचुन चे पज़िही
नाद यलि दिचोथम म्य पानस कुन
च्यथ आनन्द रूपि नोन प्रकाश म्य हावनस
वन्य क्या च्य हीलि छुई चेर करनस ।।
उत्पल स्वगत ओस वनान ------

Clarion call, Thou thyself soundeth for me
I danced to the rythm of thy tune,
What availeth Thee to be calculating now,
When no fault, attaches unto me,
Why then withhold that wonderous joy from me?
So says Utpal in divine ecstasy,
May it help all waylaid,
Me and others like of me !

तत्र तत्र विषये बहिर्विभा
त्यन्तरे च परमेश्वरीयुतम्
त्वां जगत्त्रितय निर्भर सदा ।
लोकयेय निजपाणिपूजितम् ॥१२॥

बहिर .. Visible   अन्तरे च   And invisible
तत्र तत्र .. In all these   विभाति   Radiant
विषये .. The cosmos   परमेश्वरी   Thou Supreme
युतम् With   जगत्त्रितथ   In Triad of 'Bhu' 'Bhuvah' 'Swah'
निर्भर .. Complete   त्वां   **Your**
निजपाणि   With my hands
पूजितम .. In devotion to thee whether in introspection
सदा .. Always   लोकेयय   **May I have** that grace

O ! Lord, you are omnipresent in this comos in Traid form of 'Bhu' 'Bhuvah,' and 'Swah.' May I worship you in this form and get myself merged into you.

प्रथ कुनि दीशस मंज युस छुक चीई
आन्दिर न्यबारि शवितमानि त्रिजगत रीपि चीई
चोनुई यि शिव स्वरूप शक्ति द्वारि पूजिहय
पूजि किन ब्व पूजनो पानि बनिहय ॥
उत्पल स्वगत ओस वनान ......

O ! Omnipotent—the essence of all that Force,
Esoteric, thou art the both.
As subject, as object and experience through both
Thou pervadest the universe in part and whole,
May I have the experience of myself being-the Being
In active, dorment and quiscent conditions of Being.
So says Uptal in divine ecstasy,
May it help all waylaid,
Me and others like of me !

स्वामिसौधमभिसन्धिमात्रतो
निर्विबन्धमधिरुह्य सर्वदा
स्यां प्रसादपरमामृतासवा
पानकेलिपरिलब्धनिर्वृतिः ॥१३॥

अभिसन्धिमात्रतः	—	just with my desire
स्वामि	—	of consciousness
सौध	—	top
निर्विबन्ध	—	without any hinderance
अधिरुह्य	—	rising to the peak
प्रसाद	—	in the blessed form
परमामृत	—	extreme nectar like
आसव	—	of the wine
पानकेलि	—	of the drinking
सर्वदा	—	day and night, always.
परिलब्ध निर्वृति	—	to reach blissful state.
स्याम	—	may, become.

Oh! Lord, I desire to reach the peak of consciousness without any hinderance; so that in that blessed state, I drink nectar of wine always day and night through your grace,

कुनि रोकि टोकि रोस्तुई सूक्ष्म खोति सूक्ष्म चेन
पनिने यछायि पानि स्यथ स्य रूजितन
अमि कुई छु युस फल चेयि सीत्यि समागम
ती स्य तथि मंज स्यथ थावतम ॥
उत्पल स्वगत ओस वनान .. ..

I wish I could, with no hinderance
from any element in me
Exceed the limits of my limitations to infinity,
Expanded thus, I would drink the chalice
of my alone being,
All-that is, that was and that's to be!
So says Utpal in divine ecstasy,
May it help all waylaid,
Me and others like of me!

यत्समस्तसुभगार्थ वस्तुषु
स्पर्शमात्र विधिना चमत्कृतिम् ।
तां समर्पयति तेन ते वपु:
पूजयन्तित्य चलभक्ति शालिन: ॥१४॥

यत	—	that
समस्त	—	all of your effulgence
सुभगार्थ	—	other than thy luminous form
वस्तुसुषु	—	in all objects
स्पर्शमात्र	—	just by a graceful touch
विधिना	—	through
तां	—	that metaphysical
चमत्कृत	—	miracle
तेन	—	through him
अचलभक्तिशलीत:	—	unparallel devoiion of your devotees
ते	—	yours
वपु	—	of your divine form
पूजयन्ति	—	I worship thee

Your luminous form is present in all objects in all effulgence. It is through your touch and metaphysical miracle that your devotees of unparallel devotion become part of your divine form. I worship thee.

व्यधि बगि सोरूई च्यति रूपि आसनि किन
सुन्दर प्रयूजन सिम छि दिविवुन
चीनी भखित यिम टाठ तिम छि रटिवुन
च्यति कुई चमत्कार विश्व भूगि किन
उत्पल स्वगत ओस बनान० ....

Borne out thou art amply my Lord,
By all that's seen, felt and thought.
Matter spirit and spirit divine,
Thyself expressed in gross and fine.
To be in harmony with thee, thy true devotees,
Don't run away from objects but run into these.
So says Utpal in divine ecstasy,
May it help all waylaid,
Me and others like of me !

स्फारयस्यखिलमात्मना स्फुरन्
विश्वमामृशसि रूपमामृशन् ।
यत्स्वयं निजरसेन घूर्णसे
तत्समुल्लसति भावमण्डल्म ॥१५॥

आत्मना	—	thou in me as consciousness
स्फुरन	—	get activated
अखिलबिश्व	—	of the entire cosmos
स्फारयसि	—	fill me with to the brim
रूपम	—	your form
आमृश	-	through your bliss
विश्वम्	—	the whole world
आमृशन	—	Blissful
यत	—	and whenever thou
स्वयम	—	through your own volition
निजरसेन	—	in the blissful state
घूर्ण से	—	revolve
तत	—	at that time, in that state
भावमण्डलम	—	cosmos

You get activated within me as consciousness and fill me with your form to the brim. It is through your bliss when out of your voilition, 'Icha' you fill the whole cosmos with your effulgence. In this state I feel bliss.

पनिने स्फार किन ज़गतस चि बासमान
चेष्टा करिथ तथ विमर्श छ़्क करान
यमि रूपि वोलसनस च्यथ रसि यिख चीय
तमि रंगि दृश्य जगत ति व्यकसान छई ।।
उत्पल स्वगत ओस वनान ..

Outflow of my consciousness brings into being all that's seen,
Stable it gets because of steadiness in me,
Outer again becomes the inner when involved in me.
So says Utpal in divine ecstasy,
May it help all wayland,
Me and others like of me !

योऽविकल्पमिदमर्थमण्डलं
पश्यतीश निखलं भवद्वपु:
स्वात्मपक्ष परिपूरते जग
त्यस्य नित्यसुखिना कुतोभयम ॥१६॥

ईश	—	Absolute Lord
य:	—	those blessed devotees
इदमलिखलं	—	all over
अर्थमण्डलम	—	In material
अविकल्प	—	In omnipotence
भवद्वय:	—	Thou alone
पश्यति	-	See
स्वात्मपक्ष	—	Their ownselves
परिपूरतं	—	Absolute
जगति	—	In this world
अस्य	—	Whoever has this devotion
नित्य	—	always
सुखिन:	—	That blissful devotee
भयं	—	Fear
कुतो	—	Whom should he.

Such devotees who transcend their mortal feelings and visualise the entire cosmos in your consciousness; they attain your bliss from everyside. Nothing daunts them thereafter.

राग दिश त्राविथ वृछि युस ज़गतस
पनिने यछायि जन मज सु पानस
तस निश दोयुम कुस कीवल सु पानँ
कालिथ छु जगतस छु स न कांह ति ब्योन
उत्पल स्वगत ओस वनान्.....

He who overjumps the bounds of time, form and space
Himself is the Lord of all he surveys,
He being one in all and all in one,
Fear and pain how can touch him then ?
So says Utpal in divine ecetasy,
May it help all waylaid,
Me and others like of me !

कण्ठकोणविनिविष्टमीश ते
कालकूटमपि मे महामृतम्
अपि उपान्तममृतं भवद्वपु:
भेद वृति यदि रोचते न मे ॥१७॥

हे ईश: O Absolute lord, यदि: if, उपरांत : without any effort
अमृतं : Nectar, भवद्वपु : from thy grace, ते : this
भेवृवृति : if at varience, न रोचते : not acceptable to me
कण्ठकोन : strangled in thy throat, विनिविष्टम : deadly
कालकूटमपि : poison, : में : me, महामृतम : supreme nectar

Oh Lord ! the poison in Thy throat is nothing less than nectar for me, for I am not seperate from you. The nectar that sprouts the seed of duality in me is but deadly poison for me.

चाने स्पर्श सोस बोड़ जहर म्य आस्तन
अमृत सु चाने रुपि बास्यम
अमृत ति ब्रोंठि कनि वोतमुत म्य ऑस्तन
योद दियम न चान्य चेन छुम न रोचन
उत्पल स्वगत ओस वनान०....

This deadly poison that Thou hast within thy throat.
Not separate from thee, is nectar sweet to me.
An elixir, however easy to avail and sweet it be,
If it doesn't smack of Thee is venom bitter for me.
So says Utpal in divine ecstasy
May it help all waylaid !
Me and others like of me !

त्वत्प्रलापमयरक्तगीतिका
नित्य युक्तवदनोपशोभित:
स्याम थापि भवदर्चनक्रिया
प्रेयसी परिगताशय सदा ॥१८॥

त्वत् : your radiant form. प्रलापमय : waiting, वदन : your grace, रक्तगीतिका : with devotional melodies, नित्ययुक्त : always merged, पशोभित: : extreme joy in that devotion अथापि : and, भक्तर्चनक्रिया : in your worshipable form, प्रेयसी : O ! my beloved, परिगताशय : selflessly, सदा : always, स्याम : I remain

Always absorbed in thy radiant form, oh how I wish to sing melodies in your devotion. Oh lord ! grant me thy grace to know your ever-puzzling universe at every step.

च्यथ विमर्शं रसि कुई आनन्द यि मेयि मँज
सोन्दर स्वरूपि सु म्योन कड़तन यि मेयि मँज
शक्ति रूपि क्रय योस् छि पूजायि चानि हिंज
सुई टोठ म्म सतुष्ठ रूजितन मेयि मँज
उत्पल स्वगत ओस वनान....

Spontaneous effervescence of the energy inherent in me,
Outflows through my mouth into songs sweet for Thee.
My this energy the life bestowing force within me,
Be harnessed by me to reach unto Thee.
Attunement to this impression in me,
Thy expression that's - a worship, real for me.
So says Utpal in divine ecstasy,
May it help all waylaid, !
Me and others like of me !

इहितं न बत पारमेश्वरम
श्यक्यते गणयितु तथा च में
दत्तमत्यमृतनिर्भरं वपु :
स्वं न पातुमनुमन्यते तथा ॥१६॥

बत:In great wonder, पारमेश्वरम : Thy whims and moods ईहित : which are, तथा : like that, गणियुतं : limitless, मे:may I, दतमपि : be given, अमृतनिर्भर : that blissful state filled with nectar, तथा : according to my desire,, पातु : tasting the nectar, न : No, अनुमन्यते : I accept it.

Oh Lord! I am struck with great wonder over your whims and moods. If thou have filled me with thy divinity then why do you ripple fresh desire in me. Oh Lord ! grant me thy perpetual bliss and the nectar of thy grace.

अलौकिक स्यठाह चांनि कर्तव्यहि ही ईश
फिकरि केहँ त्रान न छिम आश्चर्य छू ही इश
आसुन त आसनुक बासुन म्य दितुथम
आल्हादय तम्युक पूरि मगर केंह न दितुथम
उत्पल स्वगत ओस वनान०....

Unique is Thy behaviour and innumerable Thy forms
Easy it isn't to comprehend them all,
Conscious you made me of the consciousness in me
Yet Consciousness – Absolute, you fail me to be.
So says Utpal in divine ecstasy
May it help all waylaid, !
Me and others like of me !

त्वामगाधमविकल्पमद्वयम्
स्व स्वरूपमखिलार्थधस्मरम्
आविशन्नह्‌मेश सर्वदा
पूजयेयमभि संस्तुवयि च ॥२०॥

उमेश : Gracious lord, अगाध : limitless, अविकल्प : Absolute अद्वय : alone, अखिलार्थधस्मरम् : Destroyer of everything, स्व स्वरूपम : that blisful form, आविशन : merge, अहम : I सर्वदा : always, त्वां : your, पूज्ययेयम् : worship. च अभि संस्तुवयि : may I always worship thee in all your manifestations.

O ! Gracious Lord ! Limitless. Absolute and Alone. Destroyer of everything. May I worship you in all these manifestations always and merge with your blissful form.

निर्विकल्प प्यथ रुपि छुक युस चि च्यदि रोस
जगतुक यि आदि त अंत कुन चि यि भेदि रोस
चोनि लख्यन छि यिम चयि मंज ब्व अचिना
अदि च्यथ रूपि चेयि ह्यू ह च्यथ बनिना
उत्पल स्वगत ओस वनान० . . . .

Marvellous circle of Infinity Thou art,
Consciousness Incarnate yet without a wave of thought,
All motion, all force and energy is thy form,
Yet calm so deep and peace—consoling thou art.
These attributes are thine and I wish, O lord,
I could be all these fused into one.
So says Utpal in divine ecstasy,
May it help all waylaid, !
Me and others like of me !

(Shaivism and Kashmiri'at)

by

'Bhai Ji'

(B. N. Kaul Nazir)

SHAIVISM IN KASHMIR :

Kashmir, an isolated world in itself in the post-vedic period, was an autonomous unit with monarchial form of Government. Its silent retreats attracted Rishis, sages and scholars from all parts of Aryavarta and Shaivism continued to grow and develop under their guidance, inspirations and realisations. Its reputation as the home of orginal thinking had attracted the attention of great writers and philosophers like Hecatacus, Herodotus, Dionysios, Nonnos, Ptolemy and others. Herodotus 484-431 B. C. mentions the city of Kaspatyros as the place at which embanked the expedition under Scylax Koryanda sent by Darius to explore the course of Indus. Dionysios of Samos, whose date is not known, mentions the Kespeiroi as one of the independent tribes of India. Hecatacus of Miletus (5000 BC) refers to Kaspatyros as a great Gandharian city. Literary and epigraphical evidence from South India, Java, Sumatra and Borneo also connects the origin and spread of the philosophical concepts of Shaivism with the march of Brahmins from the North to the South and then to these eastern islands. Taxila and Sharda even upto the recent past were prominent seats of learning and education in Kashmir. Taxila was an assemblage of numerous hermitages and sharda was a forest University where higher learning was cultivated. These centres atttracted a vast concourse of learned men and scholars for basic studies and also for advanced research. Secular knowledge of philosophical, cultural and practical subjects entered into the composition of the courses. Studies and curricula adopted by these centres included all sciences, arts, crafts, law, medicine, military science, elephant lore,

hunting, archery, animal cries and the like. Students from distant Greece as reported by Apollonius of Tyana came to rcceive their education in these centres. Buddhist, Jataka No. 252 tells us that the king of Banaras sent his Prince Brahamadatta with only a pair of wooden sandals and a few pieces of linen for his education here. At sharda a new script known as the Sharda script was innovated. This script to this day is more popular than the Devnagri with the Pundits of this land. Most of the ancient manuss-cripts are written in this script.

HINDUISED BUDDHISM.

Buddhism came in notice in India towards the middle of the sixth century B. C. This revolutionary religion adversely reacted on the orthodox cults and shattered their dogmatism. It gained wide popularity and completely overshadowed the other cults. Kashmir alone withstood this new cultural current and maintained itself in isolation as a stronghold of Shaivism. This period in Kashmir saw the development of a separate literature highly philosophical and esoteric in character—literature of the Shivagamas. We are told by Abhinav Gupta in Tantra Loka that there were sixty four of these Shastrsas before the rise of Buddhism in Kashmir. In the Mahavamsa it is recorded that King Ashoka's advisor-Moggaliputta Tissa, sent Majjhantika (Hiuen Tsang gives his name as Madhyantika) to preach Buddhism in Kashmir. The ruling Naga king Aravala offered a tough resistence but after a great struggle the king along with his followers submitted before the monk and accepted Buddhism. Kalhana mentions one Ashoka as a local ru er but the numerous stupas built by him mark him out as the Maurya Emperor of the name-sake. This

fact receives corroboration from Hiuen Tsang who himself saw four Ashoka stupas standing then in the valley. Ashoka—a staunch Buddhist by faith and conviction though he was, yet he did not discourage the development of Shaivic thought. He is reported to have repaired the Vijayeshwari temple at Bijbehara in Kashmir.

Buddhism was a historical movement. Kashmiris, therefore, adopted it and gave it form and thought with which it became presentable to the outside world. Kanishka (78-102, BC) convoked his Fourth Great Buddhist Council in Kashmir. Vassu Mitra, Ashva Gosha, Parshva and Nagarjuna who flourished at his court attended this council. They stayed to study in Kashmir and in consultations with the local scholars established the radical school of Budhism known as Mahayana. This school evolved an elaborate metaphysics of its own on the lines of Shaivism. Negative doctrines were superimposed with positivism and Budhha came to be regarded as a God as powerful and potent as Shiva. These discussions were recorded and compiled in the form of commentaries which till recent past were mainly studied and preserved in Kashmir. We learn it from the accounts of Hieun Tsang that he spent maximum time in Kashmir studying these Sutras and commentaries with Bhadanta and his disciples. The very fact that out of his total stay of fifteen years in India he spent full two years in Kashmir testifies the sovereignty of the thought as taught and professed in Kashmir then. This Hinduised Buddhism which makes a near approach to the present day Kashmir Shaivism for some time gained ascendancy but Shaivism continued to develop as a sister religion. It assimilated the spirit

of other thoughts and yet preserved its individuality and continued to develop and grow.

POSITION REVERSED

Prepondering influence of Buddhism in Kashmir on the basis of epigraphic and other records available can be fixed between the period 200 BC to 500 A.D. The position had almost reversed by the beginning of the 6th century A.D. Mihirkula (515-530 A. D.) while retreating from central India attacked Kashmir and captured it. Sung Yun, Chinese ambassador to Gandhara (520 A.D.) tells us that Mihirkula was a veritable terror who did not believe in any order of religion. He was However, brought to the humility of obeisance to Shiva in Kashmir and till his death remained a staunch Shaivite. His devotion to Shiva is also borne out by the coins struck by him with Trident and the ball of Shiva inscribed on them. Hiuen Tsang and Banabhatta,both of whom belong to the 7th century A. D. refer to Shaivism as a prominent religion of the time. In the time of King Harsha 588-647, A. D.) Kashmir continued to be an important independent state comprising of the districts of Texila, Hazara, Ponch, Rajouri and considerable portions of present day Punjab and North-western province.

SHIFT TOWARDS LEFT.

Closing years of the 7th century A. D. witnessed the predominence of Kaulachare the highest form of Shaktism (Harnessing of Energy). It stressed the idea of going beyond all dualities of love and hate, of merit and demerit, of friend and foe, of male and female and the like. Kaula a worshipper of Kula

(Energy), after he attained the state of equanimity in himself and all around him rose above all social conventions and moral judgements. According to this thought man is the locus of power and woman (Kulanayiki) a channel for the manifestation of energy. Kaula and Kulanayiki could utilize each others assistance in the furtherance of their spiritual developments by rites which on rare occasions under special conditions might include the use of five Ms. viz. Madya (wine), Matsya (Fish), Mamsa (Meat,) Mudra (Parched grain) and Maithuna (Coitus). Buddhism also developed along these lines and Vajrayana states that truth is a Vajra state of absolute oneness in which there is no distinction or discrimination. Hatred, delusion and attachment are as good emanations of Buddha as is the Bodhi Chita. These developments proceeded apace till the reign of Lalitaditya (725-760 A. D.) when the history of Kashmir became the history of India. His empire included almost the whole of India. He patronised all the orthodox cults equally. He renovated the Martand Shiv temple under his personal supervision.

Vijraditya - a contemptible ruler ascended the throne of Kashmir in 762 A. D. He sold many Kashmiris to foreigners ruling over Sind and was responsible for disintegration of Dharma in the land. Highest and the noblest ideals of Shaivism and Buddhism were worked up into all types of perversities resulting in the decadence and degradations of both. Religion and philosophy got deformed into a system of magical spells, exorcism, worship of spirits and demons. Negation of morals and manners advocated by Kaulachar and Vajrayana, however, provided the grounds for escape from orthodox religion.

NEW VALUES.

Reigns of Jayapida (770-800 A.D.) and Avanti Verman (855-833 A.D.) followed. Both of these rulers were Sanskrit scholars and poets of high standing and repute. They gave well administered governments to their subjects and created healthy conditions for spiritual and cultural effervescence. The former befriended scholars like Kshira, Bihatta, Udhabata, Damodhar Gupta and the latter gave patronage to men of learning lihe Mukhtakar, Shiva svamin, Anandvardhan and Ratnakar. During the period Shri Shankaracharya (788-820 A.D.) also visited the land. He held discussions and disputations with the Pandits here and was convinced about their superior wisdom and logic. Though he himself got metamorphosed during his stay here yet it is not unlikely that he seeded the minds of Kashmirian scholars with an urge to free the society from the baneful influences of the left handed practices introduced into the body of the religions by the perverts of the Vajrayana, Tantrayana and Kaulachar.

In India reforms were introduced, not by a fiat of authority, but by persuation and preaching. Vassu Gupta in 853 A.D. came forward with new values for life. He, while remaining faithful to the Vedas and the Upnishads, reinterpreted the Shivagamas in the light of his practical spirtual realizations. With all the light of his practical spiritual realizations. With all the paraphernalia of popular Shaivism he brought home to the masses the philosophy of life which is as perfect in conception as it is in execution. Shiva Sutra is the extent record of his intuitional insight in to the mysteries of the mysterious, In 77 Sutras he enunciates a path of positivism which steers a middle

course between the idealism of Sankhya and the realism of Vaisheshka Syllogism of Nyaya also finds its proper place in the system. It abhors all negations and repressions. Renunciation, it says, is an attempt at circumventing Nature. As an inseparable part of nature man cannot be and should not be artificial or antinature. Life is worth living and world is the proper place for its activities and expressions. Man should draw his spiritual nourishment from sense objects in a manner a lotus draws its life from water and yet does not allow water to wet it.

Near about the same period another dialectician Somananda, introduced Svabhavavada or Indian Naturalism into the body of the system thereby laying the foundations of the doctrine of self-cognition. This thought lays great stress on dignity of man as the highest rational being and regards him as no other than Shiva himself but in a state of mental stupor. By critical reasoning and intellectual analysis of his own self, man is capable of regaining his true form resulting in the consciousness of universal unity and homogenity. This condition of divinity inherent in ones own self is termed as recognition. It can come through right knowledge and understanding. Right understanding will dissipate illusions and its attendent fears in a manner light dispells darkness. Once we succeed in comprehending illusions we regain a timeless self satisfied existence which enables us to discern within the visible world something more than its outward appearance.

Another celebrated sage Batta Kallata, established the Spanda school. This school elaborately deals with the processes involved in the expansion

from the state of absolute unity to plurality and diversity in nature. These manifestations are affected through the innumerable modes of Primal Energy which is not in any way different from the Absolute—the Energy Incarnate. One who understands the dynamics of change from one to many and many to one perceives singular unity in all that seems apart and varied in nature.

PRESENT SITUATION

These three streams together constitute the present day Kashmir Shaivism. A galaxy of talented exponents which include Abhinav Gupta, Ksemraja, Ramakantha, Yogaraja, Jayaratha, Shivopadya Bhaskar and others built up a huge superstructure on and around the nucleus laid by Vassu Gupta. European scholars, who come into contact with this philosophy of active life, find much to admire in it. They describe it as one of the grandest conceptions of human intellect but unfortunately it is now the least studied subject in the land of its birth. We sadly falter in our estimation of this great cultural heritage. Our scholars who are fascinated by the western thought hardly realize that Kashmir Shaivism describes in more details all the aspects of human behaviour and of the conduct of life.

In the 14th century A.D. it was Lallishwari a Kashmiri Hermitess, who began to preach Shaivism to masses through aphorisms and slokas couched in Kashmiri dialect. Her pithy maxims have been rendered into English by Grierson, Temple, Bamzai and Charagi. She was able to bring out the abstruse philosophical thought, in an elegant manner, in the simple language of the people. Most of her verses are eloquent. They are even today on the lips of every

Kashmiri in all parts of the valley. She was a contemporary of Sayyid Ali Hamdani popularly known in Kashmir as Shahi Hamdan 1314-1384 A.D.)

Then Kashmir had to witness periods of political upheavals and reign of terror, on which history can enlighten us and most of the Shaiva literature disappeared from the land.

In the chain of the later exponents of the thought names of Bhaskara and Shiva Opadhya stand out prominently. They were, most probably, contemporaries of Sukh Jiwan (1754-1762 A.D.), the Afghan Governor of Kashmir. Former wrote a commentary on Utpala's Ishwar Pratyabhijna and latter a commentary on vijnan Bhairaya. In the 19th century they were followed by a number of scholar-saints like Ishwar Sahib, Bona Kak, Tikalal & Swami Ramji. All of them were responsible for rcvival of the philosophy in the valley. Their mystic sayings and teachings inspired people and greatly enriched the thought.

Swami Ramji stands out most prominent among them. He combined in himself the saint and Sanskrit scholar. He attracted the greatest number of admirers towards him and many of his personal devotees rose to their full stature under his inspiration and personal guidance. Swami Mehtab Kak, Swami Vidhyadar and Swami Govind Kaul need no introduction from me. Their memories are still fresh and alive with all devout Hindus of the land. Among the present day Scholar-Saints of the valley mention may be made of Brahmachari Lachman Joo, Brahmachari Janki Nath, Pandit Vishna Kaul, Mahatma Sopori, Mahatma Arjan Nath, Mahatma Kashinath and other Ashram mates, Brahmachari Raghunath, Swami Mahadev Kak and others, who have earned great respect from Kashmiri Hindus for their piety and deep scholarship. Each of them. in his own sphere, is trying to revitalize the philosophy by disseminating the thought unto the masses; and initiating most of them into its fold.

KASHMIRIAT

Long Long ago, who knows when ?
Flying Fairy from Heaven above
Descended of her own choice,
Upon this Earth, down below,
Glamourous, graceful and a beauty lone,
That this World has never before known,
This is our Motherland,
The vale of Kashmir, World over known,
The land of love and peaceful abode,
Let the tradition prevail snd grow,
May it be so !
May it be so !

Daughter of hills and mountain ranges,
Beautiful bride of snow streches,
Proud queen of streams and springs,
Dancing around in bewitching rythms,
Among waters that fall to foam,
Amidst Nishats and Shalimar shades.
This is our Motherland,
The vale of Kashmir, world-over known,
The land of love and peaceful abode,
Let the tradition prevail and grow,
May it be so !
May it be so !

She raises the spirits high above,
Where Sufis and Saints enjoy peace at ease,
Known aa 'Rishiwari' by all the wise,
She is an ocean of embracing love.
This is our Motherland,
The vale of Kashmir. World-over known,
The land of love and peaceful abode,

Let the tradition prevail and grow,
May it be so !
May it be so !

She teaches essence of spirit sweet,
And sends sound signals around,
To people of all cults creeds
Throughout the World alround,
This is our Motherland,
The vale of Kashmir, World-over known,
The land of love and peaceful abode,
Let the tradition prevail and grow,
May it be so !
May it be so !

Roasted bodies in scorching heat,
Tired limbs through lengthy paths,
And toiling labourers working hard,
Find solace in her soothing lap.
Forgetting sorrows, pains and pangs,
This is our Motherland,
The vale of Kasmir, World - over known,
The land of love and peaceful abode,
Let the tradition prevail and grow,
Let it be so !
Let it be so !

Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs and Bodhs,
Are her darlings one to four,
Lavish love she showers on all,
Outer hues and lineages apart,
This is our Motherland,
The vale of Kashmir, World-over known,
The land of love and peaceful abode,
Let the tradition prevail and grow,

May it be so !
May it be so !

Kashyap, the Sage, dropped his darling,
Into Nazir's bosom wide and warm,
To be nurtured with loving care,
Grooming her to be !oved by all,
This is our Motherland,
The vale of Kashmir, World-over known,
The land of love and peaceful abode,
Let the tradition prevail and grow,
May it be so !
May it be so !

Hooded with a silvery cap,
With golden belt around delicate waist,
and ringing bells on agile anklets,
Singing and dancing like a 'Gopi' of Yore,
To the tune of the flute played by the Lord,
This is our Motherland,
The vale of Kashmir, World-over known,
The land of love and peaceful abode,
Let the tradition prevail and grow,
May it be so ;
May it be so !

She belongs to a rich heritage,
Uncles Kalhana, Abhinava and Sheikh,
Naga Arjuna also Budshah - the Great,
All fall in her parentage,
This is our Motherland,
The vale of Kashmir, World - over known,
The land of love and peaceful abode,
Let the tradition prevail and grow,

May it be so !
May it be so !

Resting her back against stony Mahadeva,
Donning Amarnath as comely crown,
She showers bountiful bliss and grace,
Seated amongst sufis and saints,
This is our Motheland,
The Vale of Kashmir, World - over known,
The land of love and peaceful abode,
Let the tradition prevail and grow.
May it be so !
May it be so !

Soaring over India's high ?
She stands upright in blissful grace,
Carrying Kunsar on her shoulder,
A lake filled with heavenly nectar,
And advancing firm in Wavjan breeze,
She proceeds to serene Sheshnag shrine,
This is our Motherland,
The Vale of Kashmir, World - over known,
The land of love and peaceful abode,
Let the tradition prevail and grow,
May it be so !
May it be so !

World's source of light and heat,
Sustenance of flora and fauna,
Offers her gifts colourful sweet,
Blossoms of almond pink and white,
Mustard fields in golden yellow,
Saffron streches in tracts vast,
And blooming Jasamine gentle blue,

This is our Motherland,
The vale of Kashmir, World - over known,
The land of love and peaceful abode,
Let the tradition prevail and grow,
May it be so !
May it be so !

Nazir watched from a distance,
Her hugs and Kisses for all her sons,
Wise and fools, old and young,
Receiving love in measures mellow,
This is our Motherland,
The vale of Kashmir, world - over known,
The land of love and peaceful abode,
Let the tradition prevail and grow,
May it be so !
May it be so !

—o—

53

SO IS THIS WORLD

1. Far far away, away from the 'maddening crowd',
On my Celestial Mount' the Eternal Time,
This World,
Smiled at me, as a love-lorn dame,
A Rose in smiles !
How pleasing how soothing and how consoling
A sweet lullaby !
And then close by when I reached,
A horror ! Oh, my Lord !
A big thorn.
In full bloom, as if a rose !
So is this world,
The planet we adore and bow before,
Hoping an exception,
From what all gods, Prophets through ages enjoyed,
To their hearts-fill,
The only charm of life :
Inevitable Death :
And therein we wish to live,
And that too, for very, very long !

2. My own self I forgot and hypnotised I got,
When in the morning sun I saw the lively lake,
The 'Dal of the vivacious vale,
Which laid its bossom bare and naked,
For me to row,
In the Kashmiri boat of world fame :
The '*Shikara*' by name.
But this very lake, in the evening wind,
Freezing, wide and wild,
I had to carry it over myself as a crushing load,
Which made me maim !
So is this world.

The planet we adore and bow before,
Hoping an exception,
From what all gods Prophets through ages enjoyed,
To their hearts-fill,
The only charm of life :
Inevitable Death !
And therein we wish to live,
And that too, for very, very long !

3. This world embraced me, as if a friend,
In all innocence and in all simplicity,
I fell a prey
And lost myself, all deep within myself,
Being immature and raw !
I had enough to eat and enough to spare,
It made me lose all, I had to eat and wear,
Starving now I am and naked too !
So is this world,
The planet we adore and bow before,
Hoping an exception,
From what all gods, Prophets through ages enjoyed,
To their hearts -fill.
The only charm of life :
Inevitable Death !
And therein we wish to live,
And that too, for very, very long !

4. This world endeared me and embraced me,
With fatherly love,
When face to face we were - each to the other,
And then it let me go alone,
Feigning a send off,
very warm,
But with an ominous glance,
Of Step-motherly stance !

So is this world,
The planet we adore and bow before,
Hoping an exception,
From what all gods, prophets through ages enjoyed,
To their hearts-fill,
The only charm of life,
Inevitable Death !
And therein we wish to live,
And that too, for very, very long !

5. In spring it quenched my thirst,
With its sweat, with blood,
And then in autumn,
It poached me bare and naked,
And I fell down as a life-less leaf,
Pale and dry,
From a denuded tree !
So is this world,
The planet we adore and bow before,
Hoping an exception,
From what all gods, prophets through ages enjoyed,
To their hearts-fill,
The only charm of life :
Inevitable Death !
And therein we wish to live,
And that too for very, very long !

6. I was singularly simple,
Immune to heat or cold. pleasure and pain,
Almost a saint !
This world warped me,
By gliding me through cliffs, vales and dales,
Into a form - formless,
And I feel all dumb, all confused and all grave now!
So Is this world,

The planet we adore and bow before,
Hoping an exception,
From what all gods, Prophets through ages enjoyed,
To their hearts-fill,
The only charm of life,
Inevitable Death !
And therein we wish to live,
And that too, for very, very long !

7. Whom did this world own so far,
Even the proverbial Haatim',
All benevolent, all generous and all merciful,
Weep now, but too late and all in vain,
Even the conquerers and tyrants,
Like 'Shadaad' and Alexander,
And many like of them through generations of yore
It sent them back whence they came,
As paupers,
Hungry, naked and weeping,
In utter inglory, pain and shame !
So is this world,
The planet we adore and bow before,
From what all gods, Prophets through ages enjoyed
Hoping an exception,
To their hearts-fill,
The only charm of life,
Inevitable Death !
And therein we wish to live,
And that too, for very, very long !

8. Simply hustle and bustle,
This world is
Of Carvans :
All moving, in hurry and haste,
With men and materials, all glory and shame,

Shivratri

Heartiest SHIVRATRI GREETINGS. May these festivities bring for you all that you need for meaningful journey through this life. May you also, this evening, get wedded to your innerself as this festival symbolises : Shiv-Shakti fusion, where the SEER and the SEEN get fused into one :

What is seen has form and what sees in you has no form. May you, this evening, see this extension of your physical form which has no form at all, Stake your Being while in being, to reach this non-Being which is Super-Being, Non-meditational meditation is the way as the mind, not in thinking, is the mind in meditation. This is the greatest concept that our "Rishis" have given to humanity the concept of zero-the philosophy of void and nothingness. If you need nothing, you have everything, void has no dimensions. It is indivisible, indescribable and it lacks nothing needs nothing, yet is everything :

May this truth dawn on you and all yours
is the constant prayer of :

Yours Prayingly
Bhai Ji
(B. N. Kaul Nazir)

IDD

IDD MUBARIK. May this IDD bring thee and thine everything good on earth "Aamin" It is obligatory on true muslims to give alms, do acts of charity and undertake pilgrimage to Macca. This day of IDD-UL-ZUHA is the auspicious occasion for these festivities. There cannot be two religions when there is only one God. Our individual approaches and ways of life may somewhat differ. So let us all, without any distinction of caste or creed, rejoice in today's feast of human brotherhood to invoke "His Grace" on all mankind !

B. N. Kaul Nazir
(The insane nomad)

NAVREH

Hearty "NAVREH" greetings to you and to all yours. May the New Year come to you full with all those exhilarating experiences where you blossom into realms beyond yourself, where you sprout out into your own unfoldings and where you have the vistas of the Being in you !

These conditions are not, in any way, uncommon or unusual for you. You have been accustomed to them and you have, of your own choosing, relegated to background under the hang-ups and hang overs of your own wrong attitudes, false values and distorted perceptions. You can regain and redeem your this lost glamour and glory as naturally as a bird takes to air or as a fish takes to water. No effort is needed, no

sublimation required nor any planning desired. You have only to discard the dismal view of life and its living. Life has to be lived and this world is the only place for its free and full expression we have to thrive on its fullness but with our false ego frozen and our mind vacant. Vacuum has no walls nor any corners. Void gets merged with the void when there are no barriers in between them to keep them segregated.

Turning back on one's own self or running away from life is to get cut off the main source stream. One has to run into all that is within and around one's own self and yet remain aloof and alone with his own self. Keeping whole life, as an integrated unit, going, glowing, and bubbling in space, here, there and everywhere is "Yoga" and facing it boldly as it comes from moment to moment, across our way in our way faring is "Sadhana". All else makes little sense. They can even be handicaps. I am not irrelevent, or irreverent. This is my fantasy now after my going through lots of religious torments in this life! Again with prayers for your advancement and enlightenment.

Yours in love,
Bhaiji
(B. N. KAUL NAZIR)

Happy New Year

I offer you my heartiest greetings. May this year come to you and all yours, full with all the best this life can offer.

I wish I had something to offer you on this festive occasion. The will is here and not the power. What can an empty handed and empty headed Nomad offer? Here he holds you to ranson not for money, just for its fun. He ruminates and wants you also to do the same. Can you do it ? Just try yourself at it :

Whence did you come and why ?

Are you here as a matter of an accident
or on some errand ?

Does life arise with body or is it a
seperate entity ?

Where do you go hereafter ?

Is death the end of life in life or
just a phase like; life before life
and life after life ?

Why this waxing and waning, these phases
and these arisings and layings - to what
purpose and to what end ?

Is there anything like God? Did he precede
man or man preceded him ?

Can you uphold yourself here by yourself
or you are just a plaything of forces
greater than you ?

Are you necessary for this world or is
this world necessary for you ?

I do not wish to project my own personality or taste on you. You chew it yourself. Chew it to fine mash and swallow it if you can; Don't go by the recipes offered by the so-to-say 'Peddlars of Myths & Dreams'. You will simply get confused. Your own taste will get marred. Some of them have said; 'Ahimso Parma Dharma', some "Love thy neighbour as thou art" and some have stated "Survival of the fittest". Who is correct and who is not? Who has got the truth and who has not? Whom to accept and what to reject? It is all confusion - confusion worst confounded; Pass from faith to reason as reason stands no humbug. Here are some clues to help you. Take them as you like :

Honest doubt is better than dishonest faith.

One who feels alien to one's ownself is on path to super-self.

Self beyond the self of sense is Super-self.

Wayfarer is a nomad on voyage of life to beyond life.

Super-self wayfaring leads you to depths and not to triumphs.

Nobility and greatness demand higher values and not higher standards of living.

To be born a gentleman is an accident and to die as one is an achievement.

For sound sleep no pillow is as soft as clear conscience.

Sincerity never goes waste, It returns with good returns.

The most difficult thing to assess is one's ownself.

To be at peace with yourself is to be at war with your vices.

A man called to higher service loses his lower self.

History repeats itself and its greatest lesson is that nobody learns from it.

Sugarcane is prized for its sweatness and not for who grew it or where it was grown.

Illumination comes in rest and silence. It comes when you least expect and most probably when you are not prepared for it.

We may revert back to the subject on some other festive occasion. Till then may you have best of time.

With all blessings and good wishes.

Yours Prayingly,
(Baba Bhaiji)

Some sweet words from some sweet People

Sarmad ! thou never didst cringe or whine and pray!
Nor even let thy lips abase thy soul;
Even before the rolling vault of Heaven,
They say, t'was not well done but Sarmad says;
"It was well done, that it was not well done" !

— Sarmad

Better at tavern and with wine,
To lay Thee all my secrets bare
Than to intone the parrot prayer,
And Thou not with me in the Shrine !

—Omar Khayam

I gained my liberation only when :
I lost my, Me and Mine ;

—Bulleh Shah

No, no! 't'was He (God) that cried in human shape :
"An-ul-Huq".
The one who mounted the scaffold was not Mansur as the foolish imagine,
Rumi hath not spoken and will not speak words of infidelity;
And do not disbelieve him !

— Maulana Rumi

O, pilgrims for the shrine ! where go ye, where ?
Come back! Come back ! The beloved is here !
Ye, who are seeking God ! Yourself are He
You need not search ! He is verily ye !
Why will ye seek what was never lost ?
There is Naught-Else than ye !
Be not in doubt lost !

—Shamas Tabriz

Fear not the Crucification,
As it put the Crown :
On the soul of Christ.

— Turnbull

Sermon servers, who display
Brilliance on platform and pulpits,
In a different way they do behave,
When thy retire to their own rooms, !

—Hafiz

We look before and after
And pine for what is not,
Our sweetest songs are those :
That tell of saddest thought !

—Shelly

Seeing without eyes, hearing without ears,
Walking without feet, working without hands,
Speaking without tongue, thus dying while living,
O Nanak, know this the way to what is Divine !

—Guru Nanak

The lamp burneth lustrously,
With neither wick nor oil,
Behold this game of the lord,
How He lighteth the world,
So sayeth, Ravidass !

— Guru Ravidass

If water in hail is removed. Where would hail be ?
Creator when separated from the Creation,
Where would the Creation be,

—Sant Tuka Ram

After death no one returned,
Nor did they send any news,
So what is truth and what is not,
Hard that is to comprehend !

—Tulsi Dass

Men laugh and make fun,
Of others short-comings,
And never look to their own
which are countless, not few,

—Sant Kabir

Exalt thy being, O man,
To heights so high,
That obliged feels the God,
To seek thy choice :
The choice of thy destiny ;

—Dr. Iqbal

The practice of Tao consists in subtracting day by day
Subtracting, yet again subtracting,
Till one reaches nothing.
And through this very nothingness.
Everything gets activated.

—Tao Te Ching

I am an infidel, an idolator I am,
Who idolises Love whole heartedly,
I have no use for the religious faiths,
Nor for penance, charity or name,
As every nerve of mine is strung,
As tuned wire of his tone of Love,
Khussro, they say, has turned idolator,
Verily I am, what I am to the world !

—Khussro

In the end, as a Tail Piece, May I say that our pace through this world, the drearest patch in our journey through eternal time, has to be slow but steady ! We need to restrict ourselves to Highways, which are smooth and safe; by-paths being very slippery and dagerous. Travel-kit on this journey not essential, Travel-guide desirable but travelling light with nothing in hands and with no knap-sacks on our backs is, however, a must !

HOLY SAYINGS

"Anything given in Charity is a loan lent to Allah"

Holy Koran 57 : 18

"Alms giving is the duty of every Muslim. If he has nothing to give let him do a good deed or abstain from doing an evil one".

Hadith-48

"Charity helps even those who themselves live on it"

Judan Taimud Nashim-Gitten-7

"Blessed are those who give without expecting anything in return".

New Testament 20 : 35

"Charity lovingly offered is lovable and always rewarding".

Gita-XVII

"One who gives in charity is undoubtedly a superior man".

Analectus of Confucious-V

"Charity takes one nearer to Gods".

Budhist Dhammapda-224

"Virtuous regard, greed as a disease and charity its only cure".

Jain Sutra-Kritanga, 1, 2, 3.

"Charity is always there where virtue thrives".

Taoism Tao-Te-King-38

"Giving makes one virtuous".

Zoroastrianism, Vendidat, XVIII : 37-38

"The One Supreme Being.
Whose name is Eternal Truth,
The Creator, the Spirit,
Devoid of enemity and fear,
Immortal. Unborn,
Self Existent, the Enlightener,
The Bestower of Grace;
Glory be to Him"!

Granth Sahib

"Lord, make me an instrument of Thy Peace.
Where there is hatred, let me sow love;
Where there is injury, pardon,
Where there is doubt, faith ;
Where there is despair, hope;
Where there is darkness, light ;
Where there is sadness, joy.
O, Divine Master, grant that I may not,
So much seek to be consoled, as to console;
To be understood, as to understand;
To be loved, as to love;
For it is in giving that we are pardoned,
And it is in dying, while alive,
that we are born to Eternal life"

ANON

"All God's creatures are His family and he is most beloved of God who does most good to His creatures"

Islam-Hadith - 251

"Have we not all one Father? Has not one God created us all?"-

Judaism, Malachi-2:10

"He has made of one blood all nations of men".

New Testament-17 : 26

"A good man is known by being of equal grace to friends, strangers, lovers, enemies, aliens and kinsmen; loving all alike, evil or good".

Gita - VI

"A man should treat all creatures in the world as he himself would like to be treated".

Jainism, Sutra-Kritanga-1 : 11 : 33

"The heart that boundless pity feels for all things that have birth' in such a heart nothing narrow or confined can never be".

Budhism, Jataka-169

"All men are brothers; all receive the blessings of the same heaven".

Shintoism, Korozumi Kyo

"He is a fit person who loves all people as he loves himself."

Taoism, Te-king-13

"Praise be to Allah, Lord of the worlds,
The Beneficent, the Merciful,
Owner of the Day of Judgement,
Him we worship and of
Him we ask for help;
May he show us the straight path-
The path of those whom he has favoured,
And not of those who deserve His anger and have gone astray; "

Holy Koran

A Thought for Rumination

"I believe that man will not merely endure; he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit, capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance".

William Faulkner

Take a Plunge

Son of man,
Bathe yourself in the ocean of matter,
Plunge into it where it is
The deepest and most violent,
Struggle in its currents
And drink of its waters.
It cradled you long ago
In your preconcious existance,
And it is this ocean
That will raise you upto God."

P. T. Dechardin

'Bhai Ji' and concept of Non-meditational Meditation

Contributed
by
R. N. RAINA

THE PHILOSOPHER SAINT

Bhai Ji Shri B.N. Kaul Nazir, the urassuming saint and my Mas ter, is an interesting personality in many ways. He is rather colourful both inside and outside. Donning an ochre dress, he wears a cap that a modern youngman would wear, a shoe that you would like to purchase for yourself-fashionable and attractive. It sh ould, of course, be comfortable. In mid winter he will get a robe tailored in all haste and when it is ready, keep it pegged for weeks together. Ask him,'Sir, why don't you wear the robe, it is quite cold and you are shivering'. He answers with a smile and wouldn't utter a word. Then one day suddenly he gets up in all hurry and goes to a corner and puts on the robe. 'It is time', he says, smilingly, You would feel a bit surprised over such an unusual activity, as that day it would be warmer. Next day when it is cold again he will put it off again-a strange behaviour somewhat child-like, but all the same pleasing. At occasions he will laugh and share jokes with you. It is fun to enjoy such moments. But that does not happen always. There are grave moments when he looks serious and would keep silent even when you try to discuss an important topic. He looks absent minded. In the end he will deliver the verdict and give you a surprise. Suddenly he will narrate an episode of earlier days which would be quite appropriate to the occasion.

He begins with, I will tell you a story. Then he goes on to narrate one of his experiences. I quote one such story here.

'Long ago I had been to Haridwar on a pilgrimage. My family was with me. we tried for some

accommodation in a Dharamshala but did not succeed. So we decided to proceed to Rishikesh. At Rishikesh we luckily succeeded in getting a room and stayed there. There used to be regular prayer meetings in the evenings addressed by Mahants—the head priests. I happened to attend one such meeting. After the prayers the Mahant started quoting from scriptures regarding the ways and methods to reach elevation of higher order leading one into Heaven. There was quite a sizeable assembly of devotees that day and the sermon kept everybody attentive. When he finished he asked, 'Any doubts'. I rose up and said, 'Do we conclude that those who do not perform these enunciated vedic rituals cannot have access to Heavens. Like the non Hindus who do not follow such practices'. The Mahant replied. 'You have not understood me'. 'Yes Sir' I replied. 'That is why I would like the doubt to be cleared. The Mahant got a bit preplexed at this inconvenient query and asked me to come to him separately when he would explain in detail.

The session was over and I left for the room and started packing up the luggage. The family enquired about the sudden move. I said, 'The Mahant is annoyed with me and we will be asked to vacate the accommodation.' Next moment the chowkidar appeared and delivered the priest's order to vacate. I said, 'We are already at it.' We left the place, soon after.

The narration over, I asked; 'Sir, what annoyed him so much'. 'Look, they are conventional parrots, who prattle what is written in the books but do not exactly understand the underlying spirit. Rituals are

the performances meant to follow a code of conduct on ceremonies, Sprituality is something absolutely different. It does not differentiate between man and man. It is not restricted to a Hindu. It is a vast space enveloping all men, whole humanity rather all creations. It knows no limits. It is a void which has no dimensions. But conventional and egoistic clergy do not accept this, result is my unpopularity with them. You know I call myself 'The Insane Nomad',

Bhai Ji advocates meditation amidst normal, house-hold activities and social involvements, He says that it is easier this way to progress towards spirituality. According to him the conventional methods of sitting in stiff postures for long periods and straining one's self is a difficult process During one of my sitting with him, he one day, narrated his experience of earlier days of conventional medi tation. I quote "It was in Kali Temple of Srinagar that I was meditating in a defined discipline. The place is the one adjacent to Muslims have the sacred shrine of Khan-Kahi-Moula (The God's House). These were my earlier days towards spiritual persuits. While in deep meditation, I suddenly heard a voice asking for alms. I opened my eyes and saw a beggar before me. While I looked at him the man started increasing in dimension and in a moment assumed a size touching the top most point of the temple dome. I shuddered and screamed aloud. The magnified figure disappeared immediately. I was left in utter confusion. Such are the shivering experiences in this sort of concentrated meditation.".

Explaining his methods of non-meditational

meditation he said that one must start from a nearer target like 'the electric bulb over your head', as 'shooting a star' would need experience and verstality. Otherwise the chance of missing the target are abundant. While trying for deep meditation one may fall asleep also. He advocates easier methods and going step by step. Rather one need not even think of hitting at a target. Instead let the boat of life float freely with the water current, it might hit here, there or nowhere but it will reach its destination. Worry and anxiety are no solution. One has to be care-free. One should identify oneself with the Nature, allowing the circumstances and experience of life to take their normal course. One should not offer any obstruction or restraint by groaning or moaning to the course of natural events. Let us be spectators to the show and watch the drama in silence. By and by one develops an attitude of non-attachment and acquires aplomb. You remain happy under very trying circumstances and worry fades away like smoke.

During the course of study of "Commentaries on Living" attributed to the highly acclaimed Philosopher saint Juddo Krishnamurthy, I happened to come across a beautiful description of his ideas on meditation. I feel it relevant to quote here "Meditation is to find out whether the brain, with all its activities all experiences, can be absolutely quiet. Not forced because the moment you force, there is duality. The entity that says, I would like to have marvellous experiences, therefore I must force my brain to be quite will never do it. But if you begin, enquire, observe, listen to all movements of thought, its conditioning, its persuits, its fears, its pleasures, watch

how the brain operates, then you will see that the brain becomes extra-ordinarily quite. That quietness is not sleep but is tremondously active and therefore quiet. A big dynamo that is working perfectly, hardly makes a sound, it is only when there is friction that there is noise.''

Isn't this a complete digression from conventional ways? This method is akin to what Bhai Ji calls non-meditational meditation, Bhai Ji once told me that people in England and Europe were so much convinced about these ideas of J. Krishnamurthy that they decided to instal him as Christ II, but the humility and non-acceptance by the philosopher made them abandon the idea.

While conversing about leaving of circumstances to the course of Nature uninterfered 'My Master' once happened to ask a question of me. "Suppose a lion attacks a cow and you are present. What would you do?' I reflected for a moment and replied, "Sir, we should save the cow, as it is righteous, for cow has been spoken of as mother in our scriptures." 'No", he said, "Why should we interfere with the doings of Nature. It is a process, where we have no say. The lion is not going to eat grass." I realised my mistake. This may rather sound annoying for those conforming to conventional school of thought. But reality has it that lion cannot eat grass, he has been made to live on raw meat.

In one of my sittings with 'Bhai Ji' one evening it occured to me that during conventional methods one has many unusual experiences like ringing of bells in ears and seeing colourful dreams, which one

enjoys and feels ecstatic about. Does this indicate progress? He instructed to ignore such experiences as these were midway attractions to make one forget about the onward journey to destination, like a jugglers show delaying one reaching home in time.

Here I am reminded of a discussion between Sri Rama Krishna Parmahansa and his disciples as mentioned by Shri Mahendra Nath Gupta in his great work 'Gospel'. One disciple reported to the master that he heard bells ring in his ears. The Great Master adressed Swami Vivekanand in these words "Naren, what is he talking?" The Swami responded by a smile. The disciple was advised to proceed and not to get locked up there. Such experiences are common on this path and do not matter much.

I once asked Bhai Ji, "Sir, how is it that one knows for oneself whether he is rightly on the path and how he has advanced or scored by way of marks" Look at the reply, "My dear, you get fifty percent marks straightway if you do not give-in to worry." How easy to score a second Class! Simultaneously a bit difficult, for most of us, give in to worry and anxiety easily. But Bhai Ji propounds to follow the natural path when one slowly and steadily learns to score. This has been the experience of those who seek his blessings in facing problems and worries. They come in sad and gloomy moods but after spending some time with him they feel relaxed and leave happily.

THE MASTER WITH HIS CONTEMPORARIES

Kashmir, the Nature's master-piece-work on Earth, has been the abode of mystics since the dawn of History. Pioneer among them was Sage Kashyapa who drove out the water from the Lake 'Sati-Sar' through 'Vitasta' presently River Jhelum and disclosed the beautiful valley of Kashmir to the amazement of 'Nagas' the initial dewellers of the water valley. Sages of various orders came to the valley from far and near and found their choicest resort for penance, meditation and self-realisation. Nature's glory here provided them the intoxicating atmosphare to elevate their spirits to heights above. Down the avenuesof civilization many more Saints of high order were born here. There were contemporaries too, who after realising Truth started delivering preachings and teachings among aspirants who desired to follow the Great Path. The methods may have differed but all courses lead to the same destination—The Abode Absolute.

Dating back to fourteenth centuary Lal-Ded, the mother mystic, and Nund-Rush, the Sufi Saint, were contemporaries. The former was the senior of the two. Both started their life as reluctant householders renouncing the household finally to join the larger family of humanity. They achieved spiritual eminence and sermonised the Truth to their devotees and people of all hues and creeds. They sang hymns to the devotion of the Lord of Universe in 'Shaloka' and 'Shrukhs'. The similarity of expression in some of their verses is such that researh scholars are at work till today as to which verse was said by whom. The language and the

substance have mingled to the extent that sifting one from the other poses some problem. People of all faiths and cults would throng around them and get blessed. They loved one and all around them without discrimination.

In the recent past also there have been contemporary saints of high order. Some were householders with abnormal behaviour. Quite a number of them have been recluse and had to be discovered by aspirants after lot of search . While others mixed with people freely. Some appeared as volatile lunatics muttering words in ambiguous and unintelligible languages and others speaking seriously in whispering tones to the devotees around them. Some took students in a formal manner and others taught through hints and phrases. Most of them exhibited miracles curing diseases granting material benefits and resolving personal problems of those who approached them.

Bhai Ji, Shri B. N. Koul Nazir, my master has had association with Yogis of high order who were all senior to him. Here below I bring out a few interesting experiences of his with these luminaries.

Pandit Prasad Kaul of Shopian, a village-town about 50 Kms. South West of Capital City of Srinagar was the first he came into contact. He was popularly know as 'Grat-Bab', after his stay for a number of years at a stone-grinding mill at Achhabal near Anantnag in South Kashmir. This mill belonged to one Khazir Sheikh, a muslim by faith. He served the saint with all dedication and love during his stay at his grinding mill - called 'Grata' in Kashmiri language 'Bab' is the expression for fatherly figure. Later when

the Yogi moved to Srinagar, Bhai Ji started associating himself with him. It was this Yogi of high order who handed over a chit with Rs. 40/- written on it to 'Bhai Ji' on completion of his studies. 'Bhai Ji' got a job at Rs. 40/ p.m. salary in the Research Laboratory at Jammu started by one Col. Chopra. This laboratory later developed into the present day Regional Research Laboratory under Government of India Project.

'Bhai Ji' happened to visit 'Grata-Bab' a few years after his first meeting with him. This time he found him behaving in a strange manner. The sage was distributing 'Prasada'—an eatable blessed gift, among his visitors, but strangly for a price. These 'Prasadas' were packed in small paper coverings and labelled at Rs. 1, Rs. 2, Rs. 5 and Rs. 10. 'Bhai Ji' observed him taking away one packet from somebody and exchanging it for another as he had paid Rs. 5/- only and the one he had offered was worth Rs. 10/. according to the Yogi. He (Bhai Ji) got a bit disappointed and thought to himself that the Saint had fallen. Simultaneously another idea occured to him. When Saint was thrown down the window of his house by raiders from across the border during1948, how was he saved? After the departure of rest of the devotees when 'Bhai Ji' and 'Grat-Bab' were together, the saint remarked, 'They did'nt throw me down from upper storey, it was just the window on the ground ffoor adjacent to ground level, that is why I was saved'. Bhai Ji was surprised over the remarks, as he had only thought about it and not disclosed the same to the saint, As for the sale of 'Prasadas' the saint explained to him that though older he felt he had still lot of time left before passing away and was

therefore sporting with his devotees. The money was all under the mat. Bhai Ji was impressed, sought blessings and left.

'Grat-Bab' is no more but people of all faiths in Kashmir remember him to this day as a Yogi of high order. He was the senior-most among 'Bhai Ji's' contemporaries. He blessed people in Persian and Kashmiri languages and was revered all over the Valley. His sayings are household references among Kashmiri's,

'Kash-Kak' was another sage of eminence. He was a poor peasant of Manigam village about 30 Kms. north of Srinagar City. He tilled his land and made his livelihood from it. He was a householder saint. People of all faiths came to him to seek his blessings. He is said to have climbed up a tree wearing wooden sandals, 'Khadaun' in Kashmiri, in a state of trance when ordered by his teacher. 'Bhai Ji' would visit him at week-ends. He would cover the distance from his home to the hermit's place on a bicycle. These were Bhai Ji's earlier days towards spiritual persuits. He was in need of a guide. Once he requested 'Kash-Kak' to accept him as a disciple. Thy mystic thought for a moment and remarked philosophically thus, 'True you are in need of a teacher but if I catch your hand to take you up, there is apprehension of my coming down. You go to Dukani-Sangeen and look for your teacher there'. This place is the one near Fateh-Kadal. Where after some days Bhai Ji was able to meet his teacher in the 'Ram-Shiva Ashram established by the great Yogi 'Swami Ram Ji'. This way Bhai Ji got initiated into the order by 'Swami Gobind Kaul Sahib Jalali' of the Ashram.

During his life time 'Kash-Kak' was the centre of attraction in North Kashmir. He exhibited miracles by curing diseases of his visitors and solving their problems. He would welcome visitors from far off places and ask them to stay at his place for the night. Frugal food would be served wilh all affection. They would leave satisfied and blessed. People of all faiths would sit around him in evenings and exchange thoughts and experiences with this loveable person, unassuming and simple, but all the same highly elevated. Bhai Ji, while mentioning about him says that in his life time he never met another saint like him. He was a master of masters, his miracles are remembered by people to this day.

'Bhagwan Gopi Nath was another brilliant Sage with whom Bhai Ji was very close. In fact Bhai Ji's uncle and Bhagwan Ji were disciples of a common teacher. Bhagwan Ji was a Yogi of Yogis, silent and quiet, rather a static solid, he would'nt talk and was always seen puffing at his earthen-ware pipe, 'Chilim' in Kashmiri language, where-in used to burn tabacoo and hashish. He would be absorbed within himself while devotees came and went in numbers. All the same he was aware of their presence and departure. Although a taciturn personage, he would talk freely with Bhai Ji, whenever he went to see him, ask about his welfare and that of his family. This was rather an unusual behaviour and a special previlege for Bhai Ji. Once Bhai Ji went to the saint alongwith a couple. Bhagwan Ji turned violent and was almost at a thrashing point with Bhai Ji. The couple left in shame. Bhai Ji latter came to know that the couple was morally corrupt and that is why Bhagwan Ji flared up.

Bhai Ji, remembers Bhagwan Ji very often.

Present day devotees of Bhagwan Ji celebrate his birthday and death anniversary with all devotion and fervour. Bhagwan Ji, though a silent solid displayed miraculous postures whenever the occasion demanded. He would forsee the future and suggest remedies in a couple of words. Things would be granted by simple presence of the aspirant. One need not to disclose one's plight. With eyes closed and puffing at his pipe he would deliver the blessed verdict. His devotees have developed a Trust in his name at Migrant's camp in Bohri, the western skirt of Jammu City. His disciples believe that he is guiding their destinies mysteriously. His memory is fresh with all Kashmiri's and people outside the valley who had the fortune of coming into contact with him. As was willed by his 'Guru' he shone like Sun among his Co-brothern. His disciples remember him as 'Bhagwan'.

'Nand Bab' was the fourth contemporary of Bhai Ji. He was a bachelor and a volatile saint, turning violent frequently and scaring away people. In his earlier days he served as a 'Kotwal' in Srinagar Jail'. During the course of his posting he watched criminals and those being hanged to death. This turned him into a lunatic and came to be known as 'Nand-Mot'. In due course of time he recovered and developed into a great saint, but his behaviour untill his last days continued to be abnormal. He would move on roads and streets, with a long stick, turban on his head and belt around his waist muttering words not understood by general public. He would block road traffic and none dared to scare him away. The appearance was radiant and dominating. Children would run away. Late Bakshi Gulam Mohd the Prime Minister of Kashmir held him in high esteem, Finally

he settled down at a place in Karan Nagar, in the heart of Srinagar City, where people of all hues, Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs and others visited him and sought his blessings.

Once 'Nand Bab' was taken ill and had to be admitted in a hospital, run by a private renowned Doctor. Bhai Ji was persuaded by a brother devotee to visit the saint in the hospital, and to enquire about his health. Bhai Ji had not met the saint earlier, he, accompanied by his friend, entered the ailing saint's room in the hospital, 'Nand Bab' welcomed him with a broad smile and asked him to sit beside him on the bed. Bhai Ji's companion, who had been visiting 'Nand Bab' often got a bit surprised over this welcome gesture at the first meeting. During the course of conversation the lunatic—saint remarked about Bhai Ji's companion thus in philosophical terms,, 'Please ask your friend not to try to eat things too hot, his mouth will get burnt'. Meaning thereby that the person had not evolved much spiritually and should'nt seek for moving ahead in haste. The friend got a bit perplexed over these words and left alongwith Bhai Ji in a sad mood. Bhai Ji patted and consoled him.

'Nand Bab' used to receive a large number of visitors at his Karan-Nagar refuge. Some had to wait for long time for their turn. He had engaged a number of persons around him, writing down that he would instruct in unintellegible words, get the paper stamped and make over to the visitors. People got their desires full-filled. He was hardly seen in a normal behaviour except at one or two occasions when he would surprisingly talk to his principal devotees in a normal tone.

'Lassa Sahib' was a young muslim saint from Ladhu village near Pampore, a place 20 Kms. towards south-east of Srinagar City. Bhai Ji was those days working as Chemical Analyst in the Government Hospital at Srinagar. A client of his, who was from Pampore suggested to him to visit 'Lassa-Motu' the lunatic saint as people called him. Bhai Ji agreed and they set out for Pampore. The saint had moved down to Pampore from Ladhu that day and was staying in the first floor of a house owned by one of his devotees. When Bhai Ji and his muslim companion reached the place, the saint was asleep, so instead of disturbing him, Bhai Ji chose to pass time in the courtyard below. After a little while a boy came down the stair-case, had a look on Bhai Ji, and, passed on. Bhai Ji was strolling in the compound and after sometime asked a by-stander whether the saint had got up from sleep. Let us hear Bhai Ji in his words what happened thereafter. I quote, 'Did you not notice 'Lassa Sahib' who came down the stir-case minutes before?' The person replied. Bhai Ji was a bit surprised, he saw a youngester pass-by who looked at him, but could'nt recognise him. Bhai Ji was much elder in age to the saint. After a while the saint returned to his place and welcomed Bhai Ji. He asked the persons present there to properly clean the tea kettle and prepare tea. Tea ready, it was offered to Bhai Ji, but Bhai Ji refused to take, as those days he was a bit orthodox. Now the saint addressed him like this. Again Bhai Ji relates, and I quote, 'Look when you arrived I was asleep but in my sleep I noticed you coming and got up. I went down the stair-case, had a look at you and found you still on the other side of the Path. I returned,

because I noticed something in you. I got tea prepared after due cleaning and observing sanctity to your choice, but you did'nt accept it. This is not right. If one does't have faith, then one should,nt take the trouble of coming 'over un-necessarily'. Bhai Ji felt a little awakward. Continuing his talk 'Lassa Sahib' went on, 'My teacher is a Hindu Brahmin, who brought me up to this stage. I feel satisfied, but I shall have to go shortly'. It was sometime after that the young saint passed away in the Prime of his Youth.

These experiences of Bhai Ji with his contemporaries, tell us about what Kashmir was untill recent past. Sages of all orders, recluse, mixing type, the roaming lunatics, the static solids and volatile mystics have graced the blessed valley. Presently also there are quite a few of them. some like Bhai Ji, migrants, some others staying back in the valley like the one at Tral, 'Khaliq Sahib' by name, who is young around 35 years of age and who spent 19 years in a dark room in the ground ffoor of his house. The author had the luck of visiting him twice. He is an exalted being un-assuming, but all the same popular and revered by people older in age to him. May be these personages are watching the present scene in the Valley from their abodes with concern and working towards restoration of normalcy, their grace and imprints left behind should be a consoling factor to the displaced persons languishing in misery and to those left behind who are passing days in captivity and fear. May be inspiration may prevail, and God willing the boys, gone astray, may come round.

—Ta-thas-tow, Ameen—

— May it be so —

NON-MEDITATIONAL MEDITATION—I

Meditation, in the conventional way, is what most of us understand or have heard of. Men of eminence, scholars of scriptures and students of philosophy are the propounders of this method for self realisation or God-realisation whatever we may call it. Yogis of yore taught various methods of meditating on God for self-purificatfon and for seeking benediction. Way back to the days of Great War of Righteousness -The Mahabartha, the Pandwas would retire temporarily to forest, meditate and seek weapons and boon to fight the enemy. Prince Sidartha left his palace in frustation and went through a long period of sustained meditation for self-recognition. When enlightened he came to be known as Mahatma Buddha. Naren Dass, the argumentative devotee of Shri Ram Krishna Parmahansa, went through various spells of arduous penance and meditation after his preceptor kicked him on his chest to wake him upto Reality. He came to be known as Swami Vivekanand. 'Nund Rishi' the Kashmiri-mystic of eminence spent nearly twelve years in an underground cave in deep meditation and came out a fully -Realised Soul. Many more personages and sages spent life—times in practices and performances, which were not of a common man's doing. Some of them like Buddha and Nund Rishi and many who followed them realised ultimately that such arduous methods were not necessary. Simpler methods can equally be effective and help achieve similar results.

Common students of philosophy and in particular the modern seekers of Truth are not able to go through such strenuous processes. It is true that

Swami Vivekanand could go into such deep meditation, unmindful of his bodily presence, that a swarm of mosquitoes sucking blood from his whole body would not disturb him. He used to become stone unconcious. But ordinary persons cannot do all that. The latest research and study has proved that simpler practices can bring out fruitful achievements. The pioneer among such philosophers who advocated simple and easy methods that common man can very well adopt was J. Krishnamurthy. He was a born Great—Soul. Discovered by Bishop Leadbeater & Annie Basant he was taken to England from his Native Place in South India. Although he failed miserably in formal education, but at the age of fifteen he delivered his first spiritual lecture which astonished the whole English audience awaking them to a new order of spirituality and meditation. Thereafter he was persuaded to hold regular lecture sessions on invitations from various religious institutions and Social Bodies. These lectures have been compiled into a series of books titled 'Commentaries on Living'. Through these discourses J. Krishnamurthy brought meditation very close to normal living and within common man's approach In one such lecture he mentions as follows :

'The soil in which the meditative mind can begin is the soil of everyday life, the strife, the pain and fleeting joy. It must begin there and bring order, and move endlessly. But if you are concerned only with making order, then that very order will bring about its own limitations, and the mind will be its prisoner. In all this movement you must somehow begin from the other shore and not always be concerned with this

shore or how to cross the river. You must take a plunge into the water, not knowing how to swim. And the beauty of meditation is that you never know where you are' where you are going, what is the end'.

Bhai Ji, Shri B. N. Kaul (Nazir), the unassuming mystic has christained this method as 'Non-meditational meditation'. He advocates exactly what J. Krishnamurthy propounds. He says: 'We must start from the nearer target, then only proceed to higher targets. This is a gradual process. One cannot jump over. It is a slow stepping but with a steady pace. One has to open oneself, expose oneself fully to course of events and surrounding environment. One has to make oneself vulnerable to all moods and whims of Nature without fear or doubt. Rather the life has to be consigned to Nature fully. Nothing happens by being cautious or careful in anyway. Worry and anxiety are no solutions to problems of life. Like the wind blowing, does what it has to do. One has to be a silent observer till the wind stops. One has to treat and watch the happenings as if observing a distant scene with interest and absorption. Here again J. Krishnamurthy agrees in toto. I quote: 'It is only the mind that is wholly alone that is open. You felt all this suddenly, like great wind that swept over the land and through you. There you were denuded of everything, empty and therefore, utterly open. The beauty of it was not in the word or in the feeling, but seemed to be everywhere about you, inside you, over the waters and in the hills. Meditation is this?'

Another important factor that 'Bhai Ji' advocates is that meditation is something which nobody can teach another. It is a perception inside which is

beyond description. You do not need a teacher, as in the conventional methods. The conventionalists are very strict in discipline and advocate that the teacher and the word or 'Shabad' is a must. Going to temples and offering flowers on idols and icons is a must, following a particular discipline or code of conduct is a must. But non-meditational Meditation is absolutely devoide of a discipline or code of conduct. According to it these controls cause fragmentation of an individual. One fragment dictates, do not do this, the other one has a desire to do it, So the body is fragmented between Do's and Don'ts This creates mental tension and when the mind is tense it cannot be at peace. Consequently there is no possibility of being at peace with oneself and experiencing the bliss of meditation. One has to free oneself from all shackles of discipline, the inhibitions, restraints and the like. An open and free man is happy, and at peace with himself, Bhai Ji says, 'Do not get disturbed if you loose something, similarly do not get elated if you gain something. This is a peaceful state, an open and still mind. There is absolute silence and this silence is meditation'. Let us hear J. Krishnamurthy again. 'This meditation cannot be learned from another. You must begin without knowing anything about it and move from innocence to innocence.

A friend of mine once accompanied me to 'Bhai Ji' to seek guidance. He had a doubt whether 'Bhog' and Yoga' can go together. He is a householder and felt disturbed about his family involvement and obligations of sex, 'Bhai Ji' summarily told him : 'If one is not able to perform wordly functions properly then how do you expect him to advance towards spirituality. It is a full activity of life, a hectic

involvement in daily routine of family and social engagements that goes to contribute to meditations'. Aloofness is not meditation. Meditation is worldly involvement with full interest, but keeping the mind open and still, desireless and allowing life to follow the natural course. One should be a normal householder worldly experiences are the valuable happenings that give you taste of life. How you behave under odd and difficult situations makes you feel how much you have advanced in meditation and realisation of self. How much stoic and peaceful you can be inspite of total turbulance around you.

This does'nt mean conventionalists are wrong or in any way misleading. This impression be not formed. Patanjali's eight-fold path of Yoga is as much relevant as J. Krishnamurthi's methods or Bhai Ji's advocacy. The only difference is in the process. While one asks you to discipline yourself and work under strict code of conduct, under the care of Master, so that the guidance and tutorship carries you or pulls you through a thicker delusion into a subtle phenomenon. The other method suggests ways to know for yourself what is one upto by moving on a highway, without getting attracted towards short cuts or bye-lanes. May be this method, though easier, is a lengthier process but that does'nt matter. Quicker method under a code of conduct create lot of physical and mental exertion. The 'Non-meditational meditation gives you a method simple to adopt and easy to carry out without the least exertion. It is simply going along a course set by Nature, some times stumbling over, rising again and proceding. The destination awaits one eagerly and this is ensured by shrewed philosophers and those who have practised this

method. A friend accompanied me once to 'Bhai Ji' to seek guidance. Bhai Ji' had normal talk, about his profession, family and other such introductory enquiries to know each other. In the end 'Bhai Ji' suggested : 'When you lie on bed in the night, think how sleep over-takes you'. The person did'nt feel much satisfied, but all the same 'Bhai Ji' gave him first lesson on meditation. Let us have a trial on this method and perceive the taste of an easy method of meditation.

Non-meditational meditation does not advocate concentration on an object or any part of the body like the tip of the nose or turning your eyes towards the mid point between the eye-brows, called in the conventional language 'Third eye'. Instead it teaches perception without experiencing any object. You see objects but you do not perceive them. According to J. Krishnamurthy, 'Meditation can take place when the eyes are open and one is surrounded by objects of every kind. But then these objects have no importance at all. One sees them but there is no process of recognition, which means there is no experiencing'.

Continuing about the perception of objects around us 'Bhai Ji's' method which is a nonconventional method, and may not find favour with propounders of traditional thinking, advocates that it is the beholder which is important as the beauty of a particular objecr or scene lies in the eyes of the beholder. What sees in us has to be seen and recognised. What thinks in us has to be thought over? It is a process of inward search, or a journey into one's own self and not going out in search of something. The treasure

lies within us not without. This is perception or Non-meditational meditation. This type of meditation does't have any utility or achievement or a feeling of advancement. But in it lies the ecstacy, the joy of heart, the forebearance to face events sweet and bitter, the immunity towards pain, unmindfulness against agony and misery. It opens your heart to a vast space, that is limitless and without boundaries. It makes you forget the difference and discrimination between your close kith and kin and the other whom you love. In short it is a tryst with love and lord. In this state there is complete peace and immense fortitude and unmeasurable joy.

Here I feel it pertinent to mention about a person who had undergone strict course of meditation under a prescribed discipline for twenty long years. He had been educated abroad and had held a good position in Government. During his practising conventional meditation he had many unique experiences, by way of visions and had gained quite a few occult powers. He claimed to be in full control of his mind. Once he happened to visit J. Krishnamurthy and explained to him the hardships that he had undergone in concen-tration and control of thoughts. He felt satisfied with the various experiences and the sense of power he achieved and mastery over himself, This gentleman had heard one of the lectures delivered by J. Krishnamurthy. He expressed himself thus : 'I perceive now after these many years of asceticism, discipline and self- mortification, that my mind is held in the prison of its own making and that the walls of this prison must be broken down. How is one to set about it'. The master replied in brief : 'The very awareness that they must go is enough. Any action to

break them down sets in motion the desire to achieve, to gain, and so bring into being the conflict of opposites, the experiencer and the experience the seaker and the sought, To see the false is in itself enough, for that very perception frees the mind from false'. This is what 'Boai Ji' calls non-meditational Meditation',

As a tail piece from the Urdu Poet—Zoke :

'Layee hayaat Aaye
Kaza lay chalee chalay,
Duniya ne kiska
Rahay fana mein diya hai saath.
Tum bhi chalay chalo yunhi
Jabtak chali chalay'.

Life brought me here and I came,
Death took me away and I left
Whom did this world favour on this pathof mortality?
Let you also carry on as far as you can.

NON-MEDITATIONAL MEDITATION—II

'Bhai Ji' (Shri B.N. Kaul Nazir), the founder, and and the head of School on Non-Meditational Meditation for recognition of self-shadowed Self, as per his own statement says that this is not a new conception that he has discovered. It is just an elucidation, in easy-to-understand language and that too in a rational manner, of the age-old traditional philosophy of the process of life's living of Kashmiri Maha-Yogis and Rishis,

A brief summary of this concept has already appeared in the previous chapter and what follows is in further elucidation of that. It may not be out of place to mention here that innumerable writers have written volumes about this thought and suffice it to say that what they have writien says very little about it. The subject being a deep cave of knowledge an attempt is made here to preceive our way further deep inside to make the idea more clear.

Let me begin with what 'Lal-Ded' the Great mystic of Kashmir of 14th century said. The original verse or Vakha as it is better known is in Kashmiri. And Prof. Jia Lal Kaul, the scholar—teacher of yester-years translates it thus :

> 'By pandering to your appetites,
> You get no where ;
> By penance and fasting,
> You get conciet.
> Be moderate in food and drink,
> And live a moderate life,
> The gates of Heaven will surely be,
> Thrown open wide for you'.

So that is where this school of thought descends from and who knows, it might have descended to her from her teacher and in turn from her grand teacher or great-grand teacher. It may trace its origin to Abhinvv Gupta, the Shankeracharya of Kashmir, or even earlier than that Kashmir has had a galaxy of spiritual luminaries.

The main stress is on living a moderate life which everyone of us can easily afford. And through such a life style, simple and unassuming in content, can one achieve the goal. As far the goal, the realisation of God or realisation of Self is not far away to seek. It is all near, closeby rather within us. We have not to travel but search for something and rather not even to search but perceive our own physical and mental system. For instance, lying on bed in a completely relaxed pose, making body absolutely comfortable in the manner that suits the individual this confortable pose may vary from person to person, and observe the mind where it goes. Watch it carefully or follow its imaginary path with a typical awareness and you will notice that mind comes to a halt. The wanderings vanish, the desire comes to a halt. You feel a strange sensation of peace or joy within yourself. You have'nt concentrated, you have'nt meditated, you did'nt exert, nor you controlled yourself, but all the same you came to the purpose, the result is identical with what formal meditation seeks. I do not know whether you have ever meditated in this manner.

Non-Meditational Meditation does not prescribe any particular discipline or a definite procedure. It won't tell you to get up at a particular time cutting short your sleep, rushing for a bath and then sitting

in a stiff posture and meditate on an object, eyes closed. No, instead it advocates that you get up only when your sleep leaves you and you feel like leaving your bed, May be late in the morning or early before day-break or even during at night, It differs from person to person, as habits are absolutely private and personal, developed by the body of its own, without a direction from outside witthout following a method as outlined in text-books or taught by teachers or guides, This is to be followed, no, rather to be allowed to go on without any stretches, strains, plumbing inside or outside. You feel at peace within yourself. You are unmindful of what the other man does, what your friend advises. You are master of your own body. You get an inner automatic direction without actually perceiving it. Would anybody like to have food without appetite? Does anybody go to the toilet unless the nature calls? You are a man following a natural course of life as it comes of its own. One may confuse it with complacency or lathergy, but it is not. It is a full activity inside as like so many involuntary functions being performed by a number of physical systems inside, which we are not aware of, neither do we make any effort there in to. Do we digest our food or it digests on its own, without our knowing it or experiencing it within, unless we have disturbed it by eating something it did'nt want to. Take the simple food which suits your taste of tongue and stomach and observe for yourself how the inner process, which is very active, passes on without your effort or experience. We breathe in, breathe out every moment, it is a full activity of a pump operating non-stop, but the process is calm and effortless, would you call it complaciency or lathergy? we go to bed at night to

sleep, but do we do some exercise to get sleep. It comes of its own, when the body is fully relaxed, the mind is calm. It travels from where? None knows, but all the same it comes without causing the slightest stir in the air around you, enters you and gets absorbed there, it works throughout the night, without causing any noise, give you all the comfort, removes your fatigue and restores you the energy lost In the day's activity. Likewise the blood runs through the veins, rushes up and down in speed, passing through several processes of a laboratory operation, but do we notice it. It is all full activity within. Knowing all this and thinking over all this with attention may send one into a trance into what the conventionalist may call transcendental meditation.

Coming to outer activity and physical achievements, I am remineded of the age-old hero of history of Greece. Alexander, who set out to conquer the world, fought numerous battles triumphantly, came out victorious, conquered half of the world right up to India and came to be known ns Alexander the—Great When he returned home and reported to his preceptor, the great philosopher thinker Aristotle; thus : 'Grand Sire, I have conquered the World'. He possessed an enormous sense of ego and satisfaction. Look at the response from the great-guru, who excelled his teacher-Plato, 'What then? Have you conquered yourself?' The crazy warrior felt perplexed, had an introspection after this strong injection and got disturbed and dismayed. He vowed to lay down his sword for ever and passed away in the prime of his youth in agony and anguish.

Reverting back from this little digression one

more point comes to my mind. On holidays we plan outings or visits to hill stations to seek peace in open nature. Imagine you are chosing the change to divert your attention from some mental stress or pain, may be due to loss of a near one, or loss in business or something like that, Does nature appeal to you? No. But why?. The beauty of hills, the greenery around, the azure blue sky above and the fresh breeze, are all there. Your friend points his finger to the moving clouds in beautiful formations, he sees all sorts of figures and formations, in these white heaps which travel across the space before you, over you and even through you. Your friend is thrilled, feels ecstatic but when he looks at you, he finds you sad and morose Why? Same scene appearing differently to two persons. Is'nt it that your inner pain travelled out through your eyes and appeared in the distant nature and you saw your inner pain, in the form of nature. The greenery seemed withered and lovely clouds created awe. Have't we experienced this at one or the other occasion of life. So what use is an outing to a sad man, whether he goes to a hill station or to a pilgrim centre. Your inner state of mind is carried there. Going out in that state of mind is an exercise in futility. That is why My Master 'Bhai Ji' says that the beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder. Under such condition the Non-Meditational Meditation is the best resort. Be at home physically, relax in solitude on your comfortable bed, have an inner awareness as to what makes you sad, who is sad, why? Is anxiety or worry the solution? In short making enquiries within yourself. You may get close to a halt, The anguish disappears and you get a restful sleep and wake up relieved. I do not know wheter the conventionalists have ever tried it.

This brings us to the idea of being closest to natural flow of events, rather following nature, as it takes us or carries us, without ourselves escaping or eschewing anything that comes our way. With passage of time the present becomes past and we travel into future. This awareness is our current topic. So when we consign ourselves to the course of Nature, our life style becomes synonymous with the laws of Nature. Once we reach this stage our individuality enters a wider society and the latter in turn expands into humanity as a whole. This state is free from shallowness and narrowness of mind. We are now part of a vast phenomenon which in the ultimate dimension coincides with the universe as a whole. We enter a culture which is universal beyond barriers of conventions and traditions. Our thinking and mode of action is open, free and embracing the whole space, vast, wide and limitless.

Coming back to the problem, as to how a man should then live this life which is full of miseries and pain. Non-Meditational Meditation has the answer, which advocates living from moment to moment. we are only concerned with the present moment and not about next moment. Not to speak of today or tomorrow, that carries us too far and going too far is inviting pain. One may ask a question, that does it mean we should'nt plan for future? No, planning is all right, but while planning for future, one sould live in the Present and leave the plan to take its course naturally.

Describing the various phases of life J. Krishnamurthy the eminent philosopher once spoke to his audience in these words :

"You must begin very near to go far. You want the immense without seeing close-by, you want to know the significance of life. It is a green leaf, and a withered leaf that is driven by wind. It is love and its immeasurable beauty; it is the sorrow of solitude and bliss of aloneness".

"NON-MEDITATIONAL MEDITATION III"

We have had two gossips on this subject. The concept devolves mainly on living with Nature, with surroundings provided by Nature and putting up bravely with the circumstaces that come to us naturally. It is a very liberal and open attitude to life and style of living, following the path of least resistance, friction or rigidity, confronting a particular situation without fear and falter and without being dubbed down as an escapist. It is not a fight with Nature, but facing it with fortitude and forbearance. This is what has been followed by great sages of yore, like Vashisht, Ved Vyas and Suka Dev. They lived normal life under direct care of Nature facing all sorts of situations ranging from searching for food and to save themselves from attacks by wild animals, reptiles and unscruplous creations like the rakhshas, assuras and other diabolic spirits.

This idea has nothing of a theory in it, no imagination for future and no ruminations over past. It is a practice in the present with experiences of the past proceeding to future. A practical withot worrying or withdrawing: working hard with dedication and devotion as situations demand, leaving aside all considerations of results, achievements or fruits. Is'nt it somewhat the same what lord Krishna teaches in the great Upnishad of Gita – 'The Nishkam Karma'. The method is in a way treating life as a sport, making it interesting and enjoyable, devoid of all practices, hard or strenuous that make life difficult like arthmetic or a tough exercise in calculus. It is like reading a romantic novel that you enjoy and would'nt like to leave unless you finish it to the end.

A deep sense of satisfaction overtakes one for having finished reading a long lovely novel or a long poem from Ved Vyas— the Mahabartha, one of the greatest works that an Illumined intellectual could produce, comparable to the commendable works of Shakespeare in esscnce. semantics and flow. If we go beyond narrow considerations of conventionalists, we can even infer that Shakespeare learnt from Vyas to project great heroes like Othello, Macbeth, Julius Ceasur, comparable to Bhishma, Karna or Dharyodhana. Persons may take offence to such comparisons, but are'nt these heroes resembling one another, who have shown daunting attitudes and displayed valour of highest order under most trying situations.

Treating events of life with a natural disposition; how things look closer to each other; man to man, heroes in epics to those in literacy works and similar situations recorded in ancient times to those being written down in modern age. Making a dispassionate analysis of events we often come to very conflicting and controversial conclusions, that would be annoying to men of orthodox thought. For instance, I would like to refer to one of the meetings with my master-'Bhai Ji', Shri B.N. Kaul Nazir, when we were discussing certain asepects of heroes of Mahabhartha. Prince Yudishtra, the eldest of Pandava brothers, was respected by his youngers and held in high esteem by elders. He displayed talents and sagacity and came to be known as 'Dharam Raja'. If we analyse his performance at the game of dice with an open mind, devoid of prejudice and treating facts on a realistic errand, my Master, 'Bhai Ji' remarked that Dharamraja Yudishtra is regarded as the revered sage

while as I take him as the most abnormal person, given to gambling and vices, so much so, that after losing all his wealth he did not hesitate to put his kingdom, brothers and even his dearest wife, princess Drupadi, at the stakes, all of which he lost. He was ignorant of the art of gambling, the gimmics of sport and diplomacy of statecraft. He was a king, an owner of a kingdom a ruler, a benefactor of subjects who was supposed to know all tactics of governance, ability to admininister and standing high among his adversaries in war and victory. Instead he showed himself as an amateur gambler, unaware of the tricks what the game demanded. He continued losing like a weakling, simultaneously aspiring to win back what he had lost. Drawing a rational conclusion does he deserve to be called an adept and astute king—'Dharamraja'. Worst of the worst performance was his demanding back his twice lost kingdom, to which he had neither any claim nor any right, As a noble upholder of Dharma, the trait of rightousness, with a saintly disposition, he should have straightway renounced the kingdom and continued to live a total life of renuciation, standing firm like the Great Grand Bhishma who displayed himself as a monolith of renunciation, strength and valour in peace and war. He stood his vows of renunciation of kingdom, celibacy and loyality to the Kauravas with all the wisdom, courage and sagacity in the world. Does'nt Yudhistra look like a rat before an elephant?

Let us now come to the scene of great battlefield of Mahabhartha. We see Arjun, the epitome of valour who received the best trainging in archery and warfare from the greatest teacher of the time—Dronacharya. He had shown unparalled feats and humbled

Dharyudhana and Karna, who were no less in strength and prowess. He was loved by his tutor as being the best among many he had taught, and was proud of his will, strength and bravery. He had surpassed all his co-mates, when it came to showing his valour and gallantry, he was doggedly mentioning of his, so-to-so, Dharma and would'nt fight his foes. He was unable to face the situation which Nature had brought before him for his final test. He failed miserably, succumbed to emotions and evinced the presence of a non-practical man inside himself. He was escaping from a situation which demanded display of his being the best of the warriors. He funked at a moment when action was the dire demand. This compelled Lord Krishna to come to the scene to raise his spirits and conscience to reality and ward off his delusion, as all his training was proving a farce and getting wasted. A fresh tution started with eighteen great sessions of 'Bhagwat Gita'.

Lord had to thrust this broken warrior into the chariot and Himself become his charioteer, dispelling his illusions of kinship with men and materials. Lord Krishna had himself taken a vow not to take to arms before venerable personages like Bhishma who were on the side of Arjuna's adversaries by dint of their commitment to duty. But when the situation demanded he jumped into the battlefield, directing Arjuna and his army. When Karna's chariot wheel got stuck up in mud, he was supposed to be left alone according to mutually accepted norms of war. But circumtancially Lord Krishna saw it as the only chance to finish Karna and directed Arjuna accordingly. This may sound a foul to rational thought.

In fact, in some way, the Kaurava prince

Dharyudana, inspires one into facing most formidable situations with examplary fortitude and chivalary. He never gave-in even when chances of winning were waning for him. Upto the last moment he did'nt exhibit even an lota of lassitude which would be unbecoming of Khistrya and a king. Right from the begining to the end he showed ruthless gallantry and unflinching will proving himself an invincible warrior. He behaved like the bravest Kheshtrya in life and death both. He appears to have been unfairly condemned.

These are some instances of an unwritten mystic code wherein these experiences are not discussed as they cannot be warped into a theoritical pattern or any accepted fabric. There is no 'Thumb Rule' or a defined course to face situations that arise in life. Non-Meditational Meditation gives one freedom to work with one's own reflexes, however, hazy, sometimes, they may be. It is a practice which sheds all forms of dogmatism, prejudices and supersititions and guides us to audacious manhood, displaying determination & dedication towards all whims and moods of Nature that in the common man's vocobulary connotes fate and fortune. It advocates bravery in facing stormy situations and stoicalty in coping with misery and misfortune. This state of mind comes of its own while going through the Journey of life. One need not labour for it or in any way strive for it. It is as natural an attitude towards life as Nature itself. The only thing that one has to cultivate, is the awareness.

"NON-MEDITATIONAL MEDITATION–IV"

The conceptas collected, consolidated and sifted by Bhai Ji, Shri B.N. Kaul Nazir views life as a journey through arduous paths of misery, hardships, pain and anguish. We find it difficult to face. We lose heart over unpleasant happenings and give in to anxiety and worry. In panic, one runs to solitude, away from the worldly noise. Some seek solace by going to places of worship, praying for mercy and bliss. This is the escapist's attitude towards circumstances. Non-Meditational Meditation, is one of the easiest methods to deal with the problems of life. It teaches total involvement in contrast to seeking escape. The events of life are to be taken as a matter-of-course, a routine or a show on a stage or an open air cinematographic scene, The concept teaches us to treat the circumstances of change-over from prosperity to adversity as if passing from sunshine to shade, from summer to autumn. It is a cycle of hot and cold, a swing of ups and downs. There is nothing to worry about. Every circumstance is a passing phase. Let us not have attachment with a particular phase, comfortable and enjoyable, neither should we fear unpleasant phases of disease and distress. It is going on like free way-farer travelling with lightest possible luggage or even travelling without luggage but with a strong conviction that events on the way will deliver all goods that would be needed. Moments of pleasure are like a serene blue water lake on the journey and moments of pain to be taken for grim jungles on the path. These experiences make life worth living in real sense. These changes are the essence of life. In fact, all joy and no pain would make life dull and monotonous. Imagine the pleasure one feels when

a lost valuable is located and found again. One feels thrilled.

Diversity has the taste, mixed colours have the appeal, the unequal fingers in the hand make an artistic impression on pads and papers. Nature is diverse and varied. Among billions of men and women and other forms of life in this world, how many resemble one another. Everday new births take place, never looking similar to those already born. If all were same and similar, it would have been a monotonous and a drab world. Similarly, life would have been dull, without interludes of pain If events were a long chain drawn in all fineness one would feel bored and frustated. A failure in one field makes one try an alternative, where one meets success and that success is sweeter than normal. Aristotle, the philosopher of Greece gave a valuable verdic long back : Happiness is a comic interlude in the general drama of pain'. We have to understand this seriously, with deep introspection. Life is a tragic drama and we are the heroes and heroines with God as the verstile director, who works hard to make us appear as the most impressive and audacious actors, braving all hardships and pains without succumbing or losing heart. My master, has a very handy expression for a difficult situation when we seek guidance or remedy. He says emphatically, 'Forget about it'. Yielding or relenting is no solution to any problem, The solution lies in facing the situation with all boldness and courage imagining that nothing can detter us. The grieving man is a weak man whom misery overpowers. A man following the path of boldness and fortitude is the man practising non-meditational

meditation. Life becomes worth living only by surviving the ups and downs without stumbling. It is enjoyable, a sport, a game or gamble whatever one would like to call it.

Our epics have very valuable lessons for us. History has recorded many heroic adventures. Modern dramas and feature films portray life in a realistic manner. We see tragedies occuring and fading in due course of time. Man reconciling to circumstances after understanding them in proper perspective. Literature has its finest piece of art in a tragedy. Art, we know, is one which delivers pleasure or joy. By watching or studying tragedies of great heroes like those in Ramayana or Mahabartha or in the dramatic works of Shakespeare or biographies of our leaders in freedom struggle like the Great Mahatma make us think for a moment how such great men suffered so miserably and came out victorious at the end. Why not we? This gives encouragement which has joy and happiness underneath.

Mahatma Gandhi who confronted the most formidable opponent with tremendous will and forbearnce died as the greatest tragic hero of the twentieth century. The U.N. flag was brought down to half-mast, which was an unusual respect offered to any world leader. Every country has a bust of Gandhi, a portrait in museum, books written by him in the libraries and his hymns and philosophy serving as references for men of all hues around the world. An inspiration that makes life interesting. Probably our great grand children, who would be living in an electronic and hi-tech age may harbour doubts about such a personality being a reality. They may take him for a hero of a fiction written by a great Indian author.

King Dashrath. father of Lord Rama, is portrayed as a great tragic hero in Ramayana. He was king of Ayodya, who was supposed to be the benefactor of his subjects, a protector of the week and poor, a supporter of the suppressed. He died like the weakest of kings of his time. It was not in war like the one of 'Mahabartha' or world war-II of 40's. No, poor fellow died unceremoniously as he was not able to exercise right judgment while dealing with his wicked and cunning wife-Kaikee. He failed miserably in both recognising her clever tricks, as well as her decietful and jealous character. He had contrasts right before him, in his close company, Kaushalya the diety—mother of the Lord and Sumitra the humble and unassuming queen. It was his failure to deal judiciously with men and events that landed him in trouble and insteadof behaving like a strong king, he lay in anguish as a remorseful and helpless father. This attitude of his brought colossal calamity to his kingdom and undignified death for himself. This cannot be called taking life as a challenge like a brave Khashtriya. His failure to cope with the circumstances of life brought disaster to Ayodya and its people. Lord Rama had to live in miserable exile with his devoted princess wife, Sita, and alongwith prince Laxman. All of them had to bear the brunt of the failure of a king.

This great epic has another tragic hero in it,—Ravana, who was king of a far-off kingdom, ruling in all granduer and glory, fearless, brave and powerful. He has been painted as a king overgrown in size and vanity. But rational study of his behaviour during the capitivity of 'Sita', makes one to have a second look at the unfair judgement passed on him. His sister was insulted and injured and when she implored of the

king for justice, he struck hard by kidnapping 'Sita' and keeping her in his palace as a prisoner, but he neither misbehaved with her, nor committed any type of indecency unbecoming of a king. Although vain and crazy over his strength and power he showed unparallel character by not compelling 'Sita' to marry him. He would make loving and kind implorings to win her over like a highly charactered person. He did'nt harm her in any way, instead he kept all the maids and good ladies at her command. All comforts and conveniences were offered to her generously. Apart from behaving a decent person with women, he showed superman's powers in war against Lord Rama. He fought confidentally, bravely and with a king's grace and valour. He was never prepared to yield before stormy circumstances that nature brought before him. He confronted the most potent enemy possessing deadly weaponary both ethereal and terrestrial. He displayed exemplary bravery and determination. There was no faltering or failing in his disposition while fighting. He died like a great king without anguish or remorse. Let us view his performance without any prejudice or bias. He is a tragic hero who gives lessons of high calibre for all those who have to face vicissitudes, of fortune, the miseries of life, and grief and pain that are essential ingradients of this journey of ours on earth. Does he not set an example of facing life with heroic fortitude and determination leaving aside victory or defeat?

This is what is conceived in the doctrine of non-meditational meditation. Facing the events of life as they come and go with full fortitude and grace. Never giving in like a weakling, but fighting like a brave

warrior without caring for results. Such attitude towards life yields satisfaction and peace. You are a happy man not disturbed by difficult situations, as they mean aught to you, for you have the determination to resolve such issues, you would'nt bow, you would proceed without fear or doubt. A conviction has to be imbibed that pain has to be followed by pleasure. Just as the seasons of a year with varying face come and go under a regular order, just as the day is followed by night, just as a lull precedes a storm and returns thereafter, just as rain washes the earth of dust and is followed by sunshine, similarly life also follows the contour, of a sine-wave, now up and then down and again up. So let us enjoy the swing.

As a tail piece from Guru Dev Tagore's Gitanjali:

Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.

Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.

Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bend my knees before insolent might.

Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles.

And give me the strength to surrender my strength to thy will with love.

NON-MEDITATIONAL MEDITATION—V

Recalling earlier discussions on this concept as evolved by 'Bhai Ji', Sh. B. N. Kaul Nazir, we have come a long way to feel heartened to know that living with adversity is not a super-human task. It is much easier and manageable within common man's capacities. Dealing with events of life as a matter of course and identifying one's-self with Nature, makes one confident and carefree. One develops the attitude that hardship is but a temporary phase and must vanish in due course of time to yield its place to relief and refreshment. One learns that changes from phase to phase provide variety that makes living interesting. Slowly and steadily one develops self confidence to treat sour and sweet of life lightly. Worrying moments recede away and traumas appear trifles that can be tackled with a little determination. Suddenly one feels an urge to jump out of the back seat of sorrow into the driver's seat of confidence and control.

An awakening grips you that you can drive the vehicle of life even though you have no formal training nor any experience of driving before. You have the will now, conviction and confidence. There may be unpleasant incidents of striking the neighbour's wall, listening to rebukes and insults, even beatings You apologise confidentally for your failures compensate the damage and proceed on cheerfully. Then further on you knock down a passer -by and land in police station, get punished and fined. You return wiser and more confident with the resolve that this is not going to repeat any more. There can be other errors, you want to slow down but use accelerator instead of brakes, you are confused, panicky, but you recover quickly and go ahead firmly. Overcoming

these rigours with passage of time you now develop knack and tact, speed and style. You can negotiate both rough and smooth, high and low. You are a versatile driver now who knows driving safely through traffic congestions, in populated areas, along zigzags and steep slopes You know all the gears from front to the rear and the tricks of breaks and the steering. It is now enjoyable.

Once when you are in a relaxed mood at home, you ponder over the hazards you overcame. A strange sense of satisfaction dances within you. You feel you are the master of yourself now. Something that scared you away once upon a time is a joy-ride now a sport, enjoyable and interesting. You turn pensive in deep introspection and observe that this mastery was already within you and fears and doubts were the illusions. You have awakened now to the reality within you, you have the capcity to face all sorts of happenings, uneven and odd with cheer and confidence. In other words you a chieved the state of self-recognition, bliss and joy.

Non-Meditational Meditation is this practical essence of life's living, negotiating cheerfully sorrow and sadness, keeping poise during joy and depression feeling confident while dealing with the opposites. It is nothing new, it is the solid by-product of our ancient culture, the vedic teachings, the shaivic thought. The only difference of it with the conventional methods of meditation is that hard and strenuous methods have been simplified into an attitude of facing events of life as they come, involving oneself fully and hecticly in day to day circumstances, living among family and friends as a common man with fortitude and

confidence, determined and firm, no yielding to sorrow, no rejoicing over thrills. Keeping oneself calm and composed and above all busy and occupied. No escape, no retirement. It is a solid practical and not a hollow theory.

History is witness to such discoveries There are innumerable examples when men faced hard and tiring situations with unflinching courage and came out successfully as men of confidence and self-realisation. Complex and complicated happenings of life helped them explore their potential and magnitude, As an instance imagine a young fire-brand freedom fighter going through a series of tortures and tumblings during freedom struggle, being treated in the most in human manner by the alien ruler and finally condemned to a prison cell in solitary confinement. An ordeal of one year passes like that and when the period of sentence is over a new man walks out of the prison gate into the world outside, The hot fire which was roasting him in patriotism and passion for freedom of his country, gets turned inward during this period of confinement, chars his ego to ashes. His inner gold gets purified into an ornament of high value and of spiritual significance. He evolves into india's foremost philosopher-saint guiding people towards the light of human spirit and the high values enshrined in it. People come in large numbers to him and seek bliss. His one time tormentors come to bow before him with apologies and remorse. He establishes an institntion for imparting lofty lore to the whole humanity, who listen to him, obey him and pay obiesance at his feet. That was Sri Aurobindo the fire-brand freedom fighter chastened to become a Yogi of high order for emancipating the larger humantity from all shackles of slavery within and without,

"LESSONS FROM NATURE"

Nature carries life in its bossom, beauty in its form, colour around its waist, music in its aura and an encyclopaedia on its head. It is full of love with compassion unfathomable, tolerance immeasurable and faces and moods galore. It nourishes, humanity, sustains all creations and tutors all forms of existance, animate and inanimate. The ancients aped it, the medievals copied it and the modern man exploited it. Sages drew inspiration from it, the intellectuals have their research in it and the happy-go-lucky enjoy it. It satisfies all tastes and moves with all moods. It is a treasure - trove, a voluminous book and a sporting space. Choices are all there. It depends upon who chooses what and who learns what ?

Shri Rama Krishna Parmahansa, the exalted Master of the previous centuary, was an unlettered man who bestowed all whatever was worth knowing to the world. He gave lofty lessons, to his disciples and visitors, chief among them being Narin- Dass, an argumentative graduate. The impact of teaching was such that the qualified scholar left his formal studies and followed the Grand Master, rose to height of knowledge and came to be known as Swami Vivekanand, who carried his master's message to all within the country and even beyond India's borders to U.S.A. and Europe. It was an international movement launched by an illiterate man through the Swami, who swayed the whole humanity. Once when asked as to how he gained all the knowledge, the Grand Master replied with a gentle smile, 'It was Nature that taught me under that tree',

J. Krishnamurthy, the practical philospher of the present century proved a total failure at formal education, instead he studied nature with all its implications, understood it and got evolved into a teacher of high magnitude. He delivered innumerable lectures on life and living and answered all queries and questions to the satisfaction of the inquisitive.

Nund-Resh, better known as 'Sheikh-ul-Alam'—the sage of the world, refused to proceed beyond the first alphabet in Arabic when he was made over to a religious teacher. Teacher's instructions and mother's persuation bore no fruit as he said that with 'Aliph' —the first letter, he learnt all else. Later on when he evolved into a great mystic, he disclosed to his disciples that it was nature with its elements like Sun, Earth, Water and Air which taught him all the knowledge he possessed. History is replete with many such examples, where Nature has been the tutor of all notable men.

The solar system as a whole presents a grand spectacle of harmony and cooperation amidst brisk activity and fast motion. Its mega-components or rotating and revolving at tremendous velocities around one another across space in all possible orbits, circular, eliptical, parabolic, straight and so on without causing the slightest disturbance to any part of the system. The timings and arrangements are unique in precision and awsome in accuracy that Nature alone knows to control. It is a cosmic swinging circus par excellence. This programming is perhaps the greatest treasure of information and knowledge that human brain can learn, to work in all directions, covering all spheres of living with harmonious attitudes and mutual

understandings among fellow beings and other forms of existance – the vegetation, animals, insects and all else. It has lessons of amity and peaceful coexistance without interfering in the affairs of others or grabbing chances or choices of co-workers or competitors. It teaches free activity discarding all vicious attitudes.

Sky, the nature's canopy of limitless expanse. over planet earth, unfolds volumes of dignified knowledge. It preaches sublimity, serenity and silence. Its openness, vastness and depth are lessons of of transcendental stance, where strain and tension have no impact, where freedom is the essence of living and openness the matter for existance. Rise over the roof of a skyscraper in a modern city and look above, you feel a strange sensation of oneness with nature's openness, serenity and peace. For those moments you are a person who would'nt like to be disturbed by narrow implications and heavy strains of dreary and drab materialistic living. You have absolutely no tension nor any stress on your head. You would like to take a plunge into space and float in peace and pleasure.

Sun, the Lord of light shines in all grace and granduer over this globe. It knows no discrimination between high and low, hills and valleys, huts and palaces, fields and farms, green and dry, covered and nude, secular and fanatic, mosques and temples, drains and rivers, gurdwaras and churches, men and animals. It showers sunshine everywhere it can reach. It works whole day with dedication, punctuality and regularity. Over times immemorial it has been performing its assigned duty non-stop, tirelessly. Such great attributes make it honourable & worshipable. We call it Sun-God

It sustains life in all seasons and in all forms. It has valuable lessons of dedication to duty without faltering or succumbing to change in seasons or viscissitudes of fate or fortune. It sets an example of its own, like a good teacher, working so meticulously, so responsibly.

Gentle Moon and innumerable twinkling little stars are Nature's lovely luminous gems decorated in space with the finest artistic show of nature one is thrilled to learn the delicacies of fine art, the joy of silence, the beauty of gentleness of temper and above all the ecstasy of nature's sweet smile. These gentle brilliant jewels spread over the vast space is the wealth of Nature that no theif can steal, that no robber would like to take away. Their sweet company and joy can transform any stone-hearted robber, any cold-blooded murderer into a cool-headed individual, useful to himself and purposeful to the society. The night scene evokes love and compassion, the joy to our spirit and peace to our mind. You would'nt like to displease anybody, you would'nt like to hate your foes, You would imbibe love, affection, coolness and calmness and proeced towards evolution of the mind and elevation of the spirit.

Rainbow the nature's wonderful colour belt around its waist in prepration for a dancing romance is another booklet, teaching colours, ranging from violet to red. It is a beautiful display of a joint sport of sunshine and rain. The seven charming colours impart the essence of colours and the beauty that man learnt in putting them on canvas, on clothes to wear and for beautifying himself, the combinations of contrasts that makes life more interesting and more

enjoyable. Colours speak of intrinsic taste and charm. How dull life would have been without colours! Then the science of adding up all these colours to a white hue is a story of merging into one another and losing individuality. How men of various shades, rather existance of varied appearances is one in essence and substance. How one God appears in a multitude of population and how man should learn to see the oneness in many, uniformity in diversity.

Hills and mountains, are the great teachers, majestic and dignified, firm and solid, braving all weathers and seasons, earthquakes and cyclones, sunshine and rain. They teach us to stand high and firm under all circumstances of life from favourable to inhospitable without grieving or grumbling. They enjoy the showers of rain with glistening smiles and bask in hot sun without a waver. They are the apostles of courage and bravery which qualities are important for overcoming odds and evens of life making it interesting and enjoyable.

Nature grows a vast variety of plantations. There are forests with tall trees, the jungles of moderate heights and also low dwarf bushes. Each one carries a lesson for us. Pines, firs and deodars, which are tallest in height trying to reach the sky have to face exposure to storms, rains, lightening more than those with moderate height and volume. Likewise the tall men, or VIP's as we call them, are more exposed to dangers than ordinary people. The moderate man lives a more free life without a security guard at his gate, or around him all the time. This freedom is the essence of life. Tallness can also be of the mental state, like ego and conceit, tall talk, stylish gaits and

gestures. Are'nt such people exposed to more criticism or even to contempt People may flatter them, just for sychophancy that is only outwardly, whereas in actual thinking they are despised and feared of and that fear has a veneer of hatred.

There are other trees, which are moderate in height and shady in expanse, like the Chinars of Kashmir or Peepals of Jammu, These trees gave solace and coolness for the weary and the tired, for those whom the sun roasts and rain drenches. These generous creations of nature are equally kind to big and small, rich and poor. These are as such worshipped as the benevolent forms of nature. The rich man with a generous disposition can be compared to this type of Nature's growth. He feeds other stomachs with pleasure and love. He looks after the diseased and the poor. He contributes to the well-being of socially and economically backward, without discrimination, without knowing. He bestows love lavishly like the shady tree which spreads its branches to cover like tent for people of all hues without knowing them, without exercising any choice.

Then there are fruit trees. Their blossoms provide ecstastic joy to the beholder. These provide food and that too for one and all, again without distinction. The heavily laden twigs bend towards the earth below preaching humility amidst bounty. But how many of us learn from this? What Nature teaches us is humility amidst plenty. Plenty can sometimes break the twigs under its own load. This holds true for humans also. Having too much, beyond need and necessity may cause a break-down, by way of insomania, mental abberation in the form of lunacy and frustration. Have'nt we heard of wealthy men walking out of home in disguise and disappearing into oblivion? So

moderate living under happy surroundings are the paths towards smooth going. Rather living with what the Nature offers, living with what Nature bring us to, is the right type of living without burden, strain or tension. What a peace is in this type of living!

Our 'God Earth' creates everything for our sustenance, food, water, wood, minerals, oil, flowers, greenery, scenery and what not It absorbs all refusals and rejected material, converting them into useful manuers and fertilizers. It provides us the atmosphere to breathe it lays its lap open for us to sleep, it sings lullbys for our pleasure through sweet breezes. It supports our weight. We kick it, we dig it, we excavate it. It would'nt object to our drilling for oil, to our blasting it for extracting mines. Instead it rewards us with water, oil and minerals that go to sustain us. Ignoring all our misbehaviour and indignities, she behaves as a mother to arrogant children. She teaches tolerance, forgiveness, love and feeding.

Water, the Nature's benvolent gift to earth, sustains all forms of life. It drops from heavens above in the form of rain, snow and hail. It also bubbles out of earth in the form of springs, streams and seas to lend us health and freshness. It washes all dirt, rubbish and refuse and cleanes the envionment for one and all without discrimination or choosing. The rivers flowing in glory carry down all rubbish we consign to them. They accept all our, so to say, insults openly and do not raise a protest even when we disturb them. An examplary behaviour of meekness and generosity. This is not to be confused with weakness as by its sustained action it smoothens rocks and grinds hard stones to grains of sand. What an astonishing potential, humility accompanying gentleness' Such like qualities, if imbibed by humanity, would turn this earth into a Heaven and leave a worthwhile legacy for all those who outlive us.



'BHAI - JI'
Shri B.N. Kaul Nazir
1920 AD........

Born on 27th January, 1920 in the capital city of Srinagar in Kashmir Valley, Shri B.N. Kaul (Nazir) is the eldest son of late Pandit Jialal Kaul Nazir an educationist of eminence, known all over the State of J & K. Right from his childhood 'Bhaiji' showed signs of intellectual lineage and brilliant studentship. He secured his degree in Science in 1941 from Punjab University Lahore. After this he received a scholarship from the State Govt. for a two year diploma course in chemical and pharmaceutical analysis at Drug Research Laboratory Jammu founded by Sir R. N. Chopra. 'Bhai Ji' was appointed as assistant Chemical examiner in the same laboratory after completion of this diploma.

When Sir R.N. Chopra was promoted as Director Health Serviecs J&K in addition to his being incharge of Drug Research Laboratory he took 'Bhai-Ji along-with him to Srinagar and posted him as public analyst in S.M.H.S Hospital Srinagar on deputation. There he continued from 1951 to 1958, when he was repatriated back to the laboratory. Subsequently this laboratory was taken over by C.S.I.R. Govt. of India and converted into Regional Research Laboratory. 'Bhai-Ji' continued there till 1978 when he retired on super annuation as Technical Information Officer.

During his stay of eight years in Srinagar (1951-1958). he received his spiritual education in 'Kashmir

Shaivism' from revered Swami Gobind Kaul Jalali, teacher of distinction and direct disciple of Swami Ramji Maharaj, the Yogi of Yogis.

Bhaiji is a householder saint with full size family which among others include his children and grand-children. Outwardly he is hecticly involved in household affairs and welfare of the family as a responsible head but inwardly he is a totally unattached personality.

Presently he is a migrant from Kashmir and has established a temporary ashram. at 4-A, Municipal Quarters at Bakshinagar, Jammu. Here he receives his devotees and admirers with full love and warmth.

Shri R. N. Raina has offered humble assistance to his Master, 'Bhai-Ji', Shri B. N. Kaul Nazir, in bringing out this booklet. He is a former telecom engineer and has taken to writing under the inspiration received at the feet of his Master. The booklet gives a resume of Shaivism in Kashmir, as it descended from Rishis and Yogis of yore belonging to the valley of Kashmir in north-western Himalayas.

The main essence is the translation of a devotional song, sung in Sanskrit language to the devotion of Lord Shiva by Sage Utpal—Acharya—a Shaivic luminary of high standing and Great-Grand Guru of Abhinav Gupta—the Shankeracharya of Kashmir.

The book also brings forth the concept of Non-Meditational Meditation as evolved by 'Bhai-ji' Shri B. N. Kaul Nazir. The concept is the practical aspect of Shaivic School of thought. It advocates practical attitude in dealing with problems of life as a full-fledged involvement and activity, without escapeism or retirement.

